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842 The Thonga child is always received into this world with great joy by the whole family. If it is a girl, it means oxen to buy a wife for one of the sons later on ; therefore it means increase not only in the wealth but in the number of the members of the family. If it is a boy, there is no direct material enrichment, but the clan has been strengthened and the name of the father is 846 glorified and perpetuated. In the case of the birth of a first-born 533 child (ñwana wa matibula), a special ceremony is performed at the 851 end of the first week. When the grandmother has smeared the 603 hut, she goes home, summons all the female relatives, sometimes as many as ten or fifteen ; they take with them food, ochre and fat prepared for this purpose. Two or three men accompany them. They enter the village of the child executing a special dance called *khana*, and singing the following song (which is the proper song to glorify a first-born) :

I celebrate my pot which has done *ngelebendje*...

They compare the child with a pot of clay which has gone through the firing process. It has been tried as one always tries a pot by letting it fall to the ground ; but it is not shattered, because it has not cracked in the furnace, it has kept intact ! This is what is meant by the descriptive adverb ngelebendje.

846 Then they smear the baby, the mother, the father, everybody 851 in the village with ochre. It is a great feast. A goat will be 603 killed, if possible, because the father and mother have "found a village" (kuma muti) by the child, they have "grown roots" (mila mitju). This is a law, but its omission is not taboo. When the grandparents do not perform this ceremony, it is an insult to the parents of the child, but no evil consequence will follow.

765 is a meteorite ground to fine powder. It is interesting to compare this use of the
753 meteorite with the fact that, amongst the Thongas, this fumigation is intended to prevent
821 convulsions. Convulsions, as we shall see (Part VI. Chap. II. B) are caused by the mysterious power of Heaven. The meteorite has fallen from Heaven. Thus the baptism of smoke aims at bringing the child under the influence of the two main elements of Bantu religion : the ancestor gods and Heaven.

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857 Learning, as they do, the native names of all these creatures and their habits, they certainly acquire a great amount of knowledge during these years.

5) Playing.

857 533 Sometimes the weather is bad ; it rains or it is dreadfully hot. Then the goatherd suffers, and his elder brother comfortably sitting in the hut trills this song :

> Far away, there where he is, he weeps, the little boy.
> The keeper of the goats and of the calves !

But the bad days are rare and the boys play more than they cry!

524 The *games* of the Thongas are very numerous and are played either during the day or in the evening, especially when the moon shines. I shall here only consider the boys' games, and speak of the girls' later on.

Ngulube yi da mimphobo. (The pig eats mealie cobs). One child plays the part of the pig ; crawling along, covered with a mortar and a piece of cloth, he goes from one hut to another followed by a troup of his friends, who clap their hands and sing the foregoing words. People give food to the pig. It is received by its friends. When they have visited all the yards, they assemble on the central place of the village and eat the food together. Sometimes the pig suddenly turns round and attacks his followers, who flee in terror.

The game of *nsema.* This is a disk of woven grass made by boys. They pick up sides. The nsema is set rolling by one side and the opponents must run towards it and pierce it with their sticks before it falls to the ground. It is not allowable to touch it when it has fallen (yi holile). This game goes on till the disk is quite spoilt (yi bolile). Then the two sides rush upon each other and exchange a sound cudgelling, after which they all go and bathe in the nearest pool without any ill-feeling.

There is another game played with this disk, the game of the *ndlopfa-ndlopfana* (that is to say " the little elephant "). A boy

524 and rushes forward, head foremost, trying to break the circle and to get out either between their legs or otherwise. If he does not succeed they give him this long and comical name : shikulukukwana sha ku ka buhumo.

533 Quite a number of little melodies are sung by children to certain animals. When we came back in the evening to the plain of Rikatla with our ox-drawn waggon, all the goatherds used to meet us, and to accompany us a long stretch of the road, shouting in honour of the oxen : " Gweymanaô, Gweymanaô (1) "! Girls joined in the demonstration, pointing out the strange machine to the babies carried on their shoulders (2).

524 *Nkwama wa ku.* (Your purse)... When they eat green mealies, one of the older goatherds gives to another some of the leaves covering the cob and tells him to go and throw them away. He refuses to do so. Then the elder one collects all these leaves, rolls them up in a ball and throws them to the boy who refused, saying to him : " Your purse ". The boy answers : " It is not mine! " They all run away. He picks up the ball and tries to throw it to another, saying the same thing. Should he miss him, they will mock him and say : " You are not a man, you are but a little boy! "

Shifufunu sha paripari. This is a kind of big Tenebrionida beetle which beats the ground with its abdomen (Psammodes Bertoloni). Groups of children, boys together or girls together, play two by two. One of the two lies down facing the ground and the other sits on his back, looking forwards, to guard the head of the one who is prone. He sings while beating the other's back : " Shifufunu sha paripari ndjuluka hi yetlele!... Beetle turn up that we may lie down! " At once all the children who were sitting throw themselves down and those who were lying down sit on their backs, and so on...

To develop their courage, boys have another more dangerous game ; this is *the war on the wasps* (mipfi). In their country there

(1) See for the tunes of these and other songs *Les Chants et les Contes des Ba-Ronga* pages 34 to 64, and also Vol. II. Part V. Ch. III.

(2) It is customary to show to babies extraordinary and fearful sights, a white man passing, for instance, in order to " open their minds. "

parents. Some may escape, but if they happen to be at hand on the next occasion, they will be included by consent or by force. Even an adult member of the tribe can be compelled to go through the initiation, if he is found in the country in an uncircumcised state. The *time of year* chosen for the opening of the school is a month during which the morning star appears, in winter. *Ngongomela*, Venus, is the herald of the day. She precedes the sun, so she must lead the boys to their new life, from darkness to the light! (Valdo)

One day all the candidates are gathered in the capital ; for this school is the business of the chief, and has been arranged by the council of the headmen (tinduna) over which he presides ; he has the supervision of it, and will receive the fees from the initiated later on. Boys circumcised four years ago must also attend the whole school as shepherds (barisi, psitjiba), namely as servants of the men and watchers over the candidates. They have already partly built the lodge outside the village, in a remote place, not too far away however, because the women must bring food each day for all the inmates of the " yard of mysteries ".

After having slept in the capital, early in the morning, when Ngongomela rises in the East, the band of the uncircumcised *goes out* from the inhabited world to the wilderness, to the lodge. This is the first separation rite. The second is this : they find on the road a fire made of strongly scented wood ; when they smell the smoke, they must jump over it. This rite is called : Tlula ritsa, to jump over the firebrand.

Later on, when still at some distance from the newly built lodge, they hear a great noise, a song accompanied by the beating of drums and blowing of antelope horns. They must not understand the meaning of the words which are sung by the host of shepherds and the men, as it would frighten them too much :

The little boy cries ! Bird of the winter !

Here they are halted. Eight of them are chosen and told to go forward. Each one is given an assagai, and they are pushed between the singers, who hold sticks and stand facing each other

831 881 and of the hippopotamus are by no means poetic descriptions of these big animals similar to those contained in the book of Job. The first alludes to the manner in which the male crocodile copulates with his female. And the second tells the story of a virgin girl whom the young boys violate in order to open the way to the grown up men who will follow them. Impure allusions are found everywhere in this teaching of the circumcision school.

When the instructor has finished, he lifts his stick with a certain gesture and all the boys shout at once: "Zithari!" Viguet told me that that exclamation meant: "They are as long as that" and that it was an obscene allusion. The old men take great delight in being flattered and, if the boys wish to add to their pleasure, they will say: "When you spit, the wind from your mouth would kill enemies at the other end of the country!"

As is plain from these quotations, the teaching of the Ngoma is quite trivial, and the formulae are rather a collection of esoteric words than a true intellectual training.

533 881 *The songs* of the Ngoma have no deeper meaning. We have seen already the song of the Elephant and of the Winter-bird... Every morning, just after they wake, the circumcised sing for a long time the following words, which they repeat also when coming back from hunting trips.

Sing your song, bird of the morn
Mafé-é-é-é!

The melody is rude, wild but very impressive. Mafé-é-é-é must mean: "We are the initiated, we are the men!"

224 881 868 *Hunting.* Hunting is the only useful thing taught in the Ngoma. Boys go almost every day to the velt and become very clever in catching game. They beat the bush, sometimes climb hills and chase all the game to the top, killing it there with their assagais, knobkerries, etc. Near Shiluvane they even attack the Mamotsuiri mountain once during their three months. All the men of the country are summoned to take part in the big expedition, which requires real strategic skill.

881 To sum up the rites of this marginal period of the Circumcision school, this is the programme of a day in the sungi. The shepherds

765 574 177 273 765 539

Mulalen was Sokis' little daughter. They bring with them presents, five hundred reis, a hen, a goat, some light beer, perhaps a mat for the widow because hers has been thrown away or a piece of mourning cloth. The inhabitants receive them politely, and spread mats on the ground for them.. They tell each other the news (djungulisana). Then after having *luma*, they eat and drink. The Ba-Ronga have their drink already prepared: it is the red wine which Banyan merchants sell to them all over the country. The visitors get drunk. They dance, and the mourning ceremony turns into an orgy with dances and songs of all kinds. The singing during this Great Mourning consists either of war songs executed by the men, which are very impressive, or of ordinary dancing songs, the licentious ones being particularly appropriate and being performed by women. (Annotatio 9)[1]. - In fact they are the proper mourning songs, those which are specially chosen when it is wished duly to lament a great man. I have witnessed these performances at a mourning ceremony of the " breaking of the hut " and shall refer to this subject again. In Vol. II. Part V Ch. II. B. I shall quote some of the mourning songs which have a peculiar stoic character. Here are two others from a collection made by Mrs Audéoud, the wife of one of our missionaries. They were sung at the death of the chief Tshutsha, near Makulane in the Maputju country. One of these was a war song accompanied with drums. It sounded as follows :

1 [see p. 517 in these categories or in 116--Analyst]

765 533 The other is a curious apostrophe to the wizards who were believed to have bewitched the deceased, and means : " Good bye, wizard! Good bye, wizard! You will kill people. You come to kill people, you come during the night. "

765 783 But the *closing day* arrives at last, the *day of the sprinkling* (shuba). When the grave-diggers have well perspired in their vapour bath, the doctor takes the pot in which the medicine is still boiling. All the women sit down with their children on their backs, the men stand in a line, holding their assagais and sticks in their hands. The doctor sprinkles his decoction over them all with a branch covered with leaves. The children cry because the burning drops hurt them. The women try to hide behind each other. The men gesticulate as if striking enemies with their assagais : this is to show that their arms are strong and that they can now go to the war, as it would have been taboo for them to join the army before this purification had taken place. Should a man be absent from home, his sticks are also brought to the sprinkling to be purified (1). Then the doctor goes with his pot, sprinkling all the village, the huts, the doors, the backs of the roofs, the fence, the belongings of the deceased which are kept to be distributed amongst the heirs. After this operation, the village is pure as far as material things are concerned. The contamination which had fallen on all of them by reason of their owner's death is removed. Before the sprinkling it would have been dangerous to remove anything. Now if any one should have left anything in the kraal before the death, he can come and recover it. This is the act by which " the mourning is scattered " (hangalasa nkosi).

765 292 Visitors go home, having put on their *malopa*, if they are Ba-Ronga ; strings of milala palm leaves round their heads, their necks, arms, and legs, if they belong to Northern clans. The custom of wearing a white handkerchief round the head is spreading. If a goat is killed, every one wears a bracelet made of its skin round the wrist, and the widow and the principal grave-digger

(1) In the Northern clans, says Viguet, a little of this mixture is kept to sprinkle visitors during the following days, because " they are taboo for the things of the village, not having been cleansed : " (ba yila pasi le mutiu, hikuba a ba basisiwanga.)

1: Junod M-5 (1895-1909)1927 Thonga

857 the stick and gives it to the girl! Or if the mother says : "I found
334 the baby in the banana grove," the father will cut a banana stem,
864 take the heart of the bulb and beat it so as to separate the fibres, which will then represent the hair of the baby ; the girl will then play with it for a time.

Girls, like boys, have also special games.

524 First the *ntshengu -ntshengu*. A big girl takes the part of the mother and all the little ones hide behind her. She stretches out her arms to protect them against another girl, who is the thief and tries to take the children away. Notwithstanding the mother's efforts, all are taken one by one, and the stealing is done whilst they sing :

Alack ! Mother ! Protect us, protect us !

The mother answers :

All my children are taken, all will soon be taken,
All will soon be taken, there, behind me.

(Yo ! Mamana ! ntshengu-ntshengu ! ba hela hi shiruba .

The capture being effected, all the children sit down in a row and cross their legs. To their right and left they dig small holes which represent wells or pots. The mother passes. She stretches out their legs and they allow her do this. Then she pretends to drink water from their pitchers and says: "My child, where did you find this water ?" The child says : "Oh! I have drawn it over there, at the spring, under the banana trees, in the cool shade." Then comes the girl who plays the part of the thief. She tries to stretch out their legs. But the children refuse ; they stiffen themselves. She tastes their water and enquires where they brought it from. "I drew it in a nasty hole full of frogs, mud and dirt." They add all the different remarks they can think of.

524 As the boys sing to the transport oxen when a wagon comes
136 along the road, so the girls address a kind of *incantation to a big*
333 *grey lizard* called *galagala*, which can turn its head blue at will. The lizard is found lying on a branch, warming itself in the rays

1: Junod M-5 (1895-1909)1927 Thonga.

final fate will not be known before the last and most important act : the adjudication of the inheritance.

f) *The day of the adjudication of the inheritance.* This is a most typical ceremony prepared for with great care, because the day is full of surprises and dangers. Every precaution is taken to avoid misunderstanding, and to bring the mourning to a peaceful and satisfactory conclusion. It is winter time ; the mealies have been collected from the fields of the widows, the small cobs called *makunula* have been set carefully apart, as they have to be used especially to prepare the beer for the feast. The council of the family is again assembled and decides that the time has come. The divinatory bones are consulted. Should they be favourable, the ceremony can take place. The bones are again asked a number of questions : Who must take the mealies from the granary and put them in the pot to soften them in water ? (first operation of native beer making). A newly married woman who has had only one child is chosen by preference. Then it is asked how long this softening must continue ; who is to shout her *mikulungwane* to accompany the work ; who will have to get the mealies out ; which woman must give the first blow in the mortar to pound the softened mealies, etc. All the relatives assemble in the mortuary village. One year has elapsed since the death, and the bitter feeling of mourning have passed. Nobody will miss the feast, certainly not the *batukulu*, viz., the nephews, sons of the sisters of the deceased. Some may be disappointed this day, but one of these nephews may return home richer than when he left! Most of the relatives arrive before the great day, to help in the preparation of the beer. When the woman designated by the bones has given the first blow, all her companions start at once pounding with vigour : "Che-ghe-ghe-ghe," and they sing songs of mourning. This is one of these songs, and a very significant one :

> Hi rilo, hi rilo! Hi ta ku yini ku we, Hosi ndjina ?
> We are weeping, we are weeping ! What shall we say to thee, King !

This king is without doubt Heaven, the more or less personal being who kills or gives life, and whom we shall often meet with in these pages.

768 The sun is now setting. All the men go to the central place of
525 the village and sit round the fire. The widows remain on the
533 spot, between the deceased's hut and the new hut of the great wife, where all the belongings of the late husband have been kept during the whole year. The other widows of the family surround them once more ; no other woman is allowed to approach. The present ceremony is another secret rite of the company of widows. They sing the following mourning song to recall all the sufferings of the year of widowhood :

Ngoma nkulukumba ! Tatana a nga fa, a ba siya
Na ngoma a nga si ba byela !
Our secret law is a great law ! Our father has gone, he has left them,
And he had not told them about that law !

768 During this song the old women take away all the clothing of
587 the widows, and wash their bodies. Then they lead them into the hut of the great wife and put on them new clothing, the clothes which their suitors and other relatives have brought for them. When they are all seated, the sisters of the deceased proceed to the last distribution. They first ask the great wife : "You, to whom do you belong ?" She answers : "Do you not know him ? It is the man who has taken care of me, who has been visiting me! I choose so and so!" She may also say : "I kill so and so!" *(Ndji dlaya man)*. That means : "As I have killed my first husband, I might do the same for the second," a very promising declaration! As soon as the widow has given her answer, the women in the hut begin shouting loudly, and one of them goes out to the men, and cries : "So and so says she kills so and so !" They proceed to ask another : "You, whom do you choose ?" The woman remains silent. "What do you mean?" — "I do not choose anybody." — "How is that? Be sensible!" — "No! I do not want anybody!" — "Why ?" They begin to press her : "You know well who has taken care of you, who has visited *(kambela)* you the whole year." — "I do not want him!" — "How is that possible ?" — "No, I do not want him. I want the *ntukulu* so and so." A frightful noise is heard in the hut ; they are all shouting together. What has happened ?

595 378 favourite, about another who is perhaps superior to her. He says to her : 'You are much nicer than so and so! She is not like a woman (A nga twali lepsaku i wansati).' The favourite will make haste to report to her superior what she has heard. She will draw her attention to the fact that the husband calls at her hut more frequently than at the others... The superior becomes angry, and people say of the husband : 'A ni gudjulisana, a ni bandjisana,' 'he makes his wives hit each other.' He himself, after a time, will try to regain the goodwill of the despised one (a ta mu batela). She will violently repel him. He may even kill a chicken to bring about a reconciliation!" One can easily imagine the jealous scenes which occur in the village of a polygamist (1)!

595 3) Polygamy, when practised on a large scale, even brings about *the ruin of the family*. Two examples show this clearly. First the case of Bingwana, to which I have already alluded. He had a great number of wives and used to place them in his various villages, viz., in the capital itself and in all the districts of his kingdom, going round from place to place to visit them. But they were so numerous that he could not visit them Frequently enough and they committed adultery wholesale with the men of these villages. The result was that Bingwana had hundreds of children and that, in the end, he married his own daughters without knowing it. He died tragically. The Gungunyana's yimpis surrounded his fortress (hkokholo). His son, Sipenenyana, fled during the night and he remained alone. He then shut himself up in a hut where he had gathered together his treasures and his gunpowder, set fire to it and died amidst the flames.

The second example is that of Mubvesha who died on Nov. 5 th 1910, a man of weak character, whose intrigues caused the war of 1894-1896 and who was installed by the Portuguese as Chief of the Nondwana country at the close of that war. (See

533 595 578 (1) Here is a pretty little Nhanu song about hakwale. A despised wife sings :

Pfunkwana ra mina ri khala hi wanuna,
Wanuna a nyika dokwi ya kwe !
My nice little pumpkin has been plucked by my husband !
My husband has given it to his favourite !

She sings this song to excite a quarrel... after which she hopes that she will obtain her rights.

643 chiefs are entitled (1). The *elevation and the presentation* ended,
535 the next proceeding is the *gila* or war dance. The heroes of the army (batlhabani ba fumo), and the young men of blood royal rush one after the other into the enclosure brandishing their weapons, jumping as high as they possibly can, imitating acts of prowess on the battle field and simulating the transfixion of their enemies. The *gila* continues until the cry is heard : "Ye-yi, yé-yi, ye-yi." This murmuring sound uttered by the whole army marks the end of the jumping, and all re-form into line. All the shields must now touch one another, forming an immense unbroken circle, and then comes the *guba*, the intonation of the
643 solemn chant which is at once the principal patriotic song of the
533 tribe, the coronation hymn, the dirge of mourning, the war-song,
539 and the sacred melody par excellence :

Sabela ! Sabela nkosi ! Ji ! Ji !
Answer us ! Answer us, O chief ! Ji ! Ji !
Si ya ku wela mulambu mkulu wa ka nkosi.
Yes, we will cross the great river, the river of the chief.

This chant, which is in the Zulu language, is difficult to understand. The soloist commences with : "Sabela nkosi" which may be translated "Obey the chief ;" but the meaning would rather seem to be : "Reply to us, chief!" and, if taken in this sense, these words would be a request made by the army

643 609 576 (1) The word *Bayete* is said to be of Zulu origin and to convey the following meaning : bring thine enemies hither and destroy them ! *Ndjoo* means lion. The warriors employ these terms to extol the power of their chief and, at the same time, to express their allegiance to him. There is a modern tendency to use this solemn salutation in a more general manner ; for instance it is addressed to the Whites and not only to those in authority, but more or less to every one, even, in certain cases, to missionaries ! I always remember my arrival at the village of Shiriadu, when I went to call on the chief Mabatlane, then unknown to me. I arrived at the gate of the kraal mounted on a most superstitious little donkey and enquired of two young men who were there, where I could find the chief. "Bayete !" was the salutation I received and there was certainly nothing very regal either in my appearance or my "mount." One of these young men proved to be Mabatlane himself ! *Bayete* is also frequently used in acknowledging a gift from a superior and would then be merely the equivalent of "thank you." In Gaza, Gungunyane would not allow Bayete to be said to any one but himself. All the petty chiefs of the Ba-Ronga insisted on their royal salutation and the Ngwai king could not put a step to it, as they were direct dependencies of the Whites and did not desire their authority from him.

1 [For the coronation of a chief--Analyst]

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539 to the chief, to which he will reply by executing the dance which follows. To this exclamation of the soloist the warriors respond by striking their shields with their assagais, producing a hard sharp sound, which the chant tries to render by the syllable "Ji! Ji!" Then they stamp their feet, saying: "Vu! Vu!" and this enigmatic sentence follows: "Yes, we will cross the great river, the river of the chief." What is this river? Can it be that which separates the Mpfumo country from Khosen, namely the Nkomati? Or the Mitembe, marking the frontier between the Northern and the Southern Ba-Ronga? Or do not these mysterious words rather refer to the river of death, which the entire host should cross without hesitation if called to do so by their chief? Whatever the exact meaning may be, this chant must be an assurance of loyalty on the part of the warriors to their king and probably also an appeal to his valour.

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701 The chant ended, no one is allowed to leave the ranks. The chief alone rushes into the enclosure; every warrior holds his shield in his hand and strikes it with hard sharp blows (ku ba ngomana); on hearing these, the chief begins to *gila* in his turn. He executes the war-dance brandishing his assagai, as if killing invisible enemies. The crowd encourages him, inciting him to still further efforts, crying: "Silo! Silo! Silo! Beast of the fields! Lion!" Volleys are fired. The chief redoubles his exertions, gesticulating furiously, perspires profusely, is well nigh exhausted and finally stops! The whole army sits on the ground and the young king is supplied with a jug of beer to quench his thirst.

When the ceremony has lasted long enough, and the warriors have enjoyed at their ease the spectacle of their chief's prowess, the Commander-in-chief dismisses the battalions, one after the other. The circle (mukhumbi) breaks up and all rush to the residence of their respective counsellors, singing as they go the praises of the particular army-corps to which they belong. The members of the royal family return to the capital, where they remain. A counsellor presents each group or regiment with the ox which has been allotted to it; this is accepted with shouts of "bayete." The men cut up the animal, divide the meat and eat it in their respective quarters.

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644 534 *shikolombane* is more elongated and has no legs. Its sound is high and piercing, while the tone of the *muntshintshi* is deep and low. The music proper of this dance is provided by the *bunanga*.

II. *The Bunanga.*

533 644 This is the regular *band*, which is met with in every royal clan. The word comes from *nanga*, trumpet (pl. tinanga). But the trumpets composing the bunanga are not the common pierced tibias of goats used by the herdboys. They are larger horns of the mhalamhala (Hippotragus Niger), or of the mhala (Zulu impala), pierced at their base in such a way that they produce different tones. These instruments are made by specialists, (it was Ñwamatshomane in Nondwane), so as to form a kind of orchestra (simo) composed of ten instruments. To play them is a veritable art. The players stand round the two drumbeaters. The big drum gives the time : when it beats slowly, "tu-tu-tu," the ten musicians must dance in a ring, viz., they must march after each other, playing, making certain grimaces and gesticulations. When the drum beats more slowly and more softly, they must retire in a line and march slowly. The drum quickens the time : then they come to the centre once more and dance in a ring, quicker and quicker. The executants follow each other in a given order, the largest and deepest horn being in front, the smallest and highest toned one at the end of the group. Sometimes three or four orchestras perform at the same time (1).

The bunanga is an old Ronga custom and is very picturesque indeed. As for its musical importance, I shall refer to it again in Part V.

533 609 (1) I remember having heard the bunanga practising in the various sub-clans of Nondwane in 1891, as each sub-chief had his own. They were preparing to go to the capital to mourn Maghunga whose death had just been announced. I saw the bunanga performing its last melodies before Lord Selborne, when he came to pay a visit to the Portuguese settlement of Manakwen in 1906. The Administrator had organised a "batanga" for him (the name given by the Portuguese to these native dances), and the warriors of Nondwane did their best to interest the White Chiefs !

726 Before going into battle, certain rites have to be accomplished.
703 In order to stimulate a war-like courage and to imbue the warrior's minds with a certainty of victory, it is necessary to proceed to the performance of the war-songs (guba), of the war dances (gila), and to administer the medicine which will render the soldiers invulnerable.

E. WAR SONGS.

533 The performance of war songs is called *guba*. I have already
539 fully described the Mpfumo national song, (p. 373) which would seem to be more adapted to celebrate a coronation than to serve as an incentive to battle ; it is however used indiscriminately for both purposes.

Another war-song which is very popular in the Mpfumo clan is the following :

Zulu : U ngwa si mu thini, Mayeye ?
U banga muhlaba, u bulala bantu !
Ronga : U ta ku mu yini, Ñwayeye ?
U banga ntlhaba, u dlaya bhanu !
What will you succeed in doing to him, Ñwayeye ?
You take the country and slay the people !

This is a question addressed to Ñwayeye, the rival of the chief Zihlahla ; Ñwayeye was placed in authority near Lourenço Marques by the Portuguese between 1860 and 1870. He accepted the position, but was unable to retain it any length of time, and the recollection of his failure is perpetuated in this song which is intended to extol the royal family of Mpfumo.

A third song, also in vogue with the Mpfumo warriors, runs thus :

Zulu : Zi m' thini ? A ba ze zi ba bona, abantu bezirwe !
Ronga : Hi ta ku yini ? A ba te hi be bona, bhanu ba matiko !
What shall we say ? Let them come and let us see them, the people of the enemy's country !

This is a defiance hurled at the adversaries.

533 / 539 In Nondwane, they also sing this last song ; another runs as follows :

Zulu : Ngumbala ! ngi file...O..o..o.. Zinkomo zito !
Ronga : Nwamboten, ndji file ! O..o..o.. Tihomu teru !
My friend ! I am killed. Oh ! oh ! oh ! Our oxen !

The warriors doubtless refer to the ruin which would be entailed were the enemy to carry off their cattle, and thus they encourage one another to fight stubbornly !

Another Ronga song performed in the guba ceremony is this :

Zia yi khalelo muhlu ya se mananga
We are weeping for the giraffe of the desert.

The giraffe may be the chief of the clan whom the warriors are determined to protect, or perhaps the enemy's chief whom they will go and kill.

This song is also one of the great guba songs of the Nkuna clan, but the words are slightly different. I have collected two others :

Hi yi kwa makhosi !
Si phuma ka makhosi, Si gambuna !
U mkhonto use sandhlani, Eji ! Eji !
U mkhonto waso goboe...

War comes from the chiefs !
It is ordered by the chiefs ! We go and kill !
The spear is in our hands ! Eji ! Eji !
The spear kills and bends in the wound !

The oldest of the Nkuna guba songs, which was already in use before the arrival of Manukosi, at the begining of the XIX^th century, when the army still formed in line and not in circle, runs as follows :

Hi bo yima hi bo yima !
Mi teka bayena mi nyika tinaka (?) to kumba.
Let us stand fast, let us stand fast !
Do not let your strength go, it would help the enemy to conquer.

The words of this song are Thonga, as the Zulus had not yet imposed their terminology on the Thonga yimpi.

One of the finest war songs is that sung in the armies of Maputju

l: Junod M-5 (1895-1909)1927 Thonga

533 and Tembe, an antiphon seemingly very ancient, which changes
539 from the minor to the major, producing a truly grandiose effect :
(For the music of most of these songs, see Vol. II. Part V.)

"At break of day," sings the solist.....
"Who was it that crowned thee, Muwai, king of Maputju?" reply
the warriors.

Muwai is the great-great-grandfather of the chief Mabai, deposed in 1896. He reigned at the close of the XVIII[th] century, his son Makasana having been chief from 1800 to 1850. Muwai is compared to the rising sun, or at least the song recalls his coronation, which must have taken place very early in the morning, at daybreak. It is evidently in praise of the royal family that the entire army chants this glorious souvenir.

Loko ku ti qa, loko ku ti qa
U bekwe ngubane Muwai ?
Muwai, ka Mabudu ! Muwai ka Mabudu !
U bekwe ngubane ?

At day break — At day break
Who was it that crowned thee, Muwai ?
Muwai, king of Maputju ! Muwai, king of Maputju
Who was it that crowned thee ?

726 As we see, the war songs are tolerably short ; a declamation of three or four words by a soloist (musimi) who dances in the middle of the circle, and a chorus sung by all the warriors, stamping their feet on the ground and striking their shields with their assagais. (Hence the exclamation "Eji" found at the close of some sentences.) Or sometimes the whole throng brandish the assagai in a rythmical fashion, raising it first to the right, then to the left, afterwards inclining it to the side, and lastly downwards as if to pierce...

When the great war-induna wants the song to stop, he gives a signal. At once all the shields are elevated and a sibilant murmur runs through the ranks : shi-shi-shi-shi, or a special click : nqu-nqu-nqu. Hence the verb *nqunquzela*, to stop a war song.

And then the war dance will take place.

1: Junod M-5 (1895-1909)1927 Thonga

726 prescribed rites. I once witnessed it, when the Nkuna army went
707 to Sikororo's country on a kind of punitive expedition. The great ndjuna of the army, the Commander-in-Chief, Mankhelu, his stern face grimmer than ever, holding a hyena's tail in his hand, clad in a white shirt which was very little in keeping with the whole appearance of the mukhumbi, stepped inside the large circle and raised his tail... Then the *Dhlanazo*, the young bloods, ran towards him shouting : "Kwe-kwe-kwe!" Their cry is the same as that of the *Timbulwana* (lynx), their elders, who came next. Mankhelu pointed the tail in a certain direction and these two regiments started. The *Mafakubi* came in their turn, imitating the galop of the antelopes : "tshwi-tshwi-tshwi! gwu gwu... hwu, hwu!... eka-ka-ka-ka..." and finally shouting : "N'ta dya na man" — "with whom shall I eat it ?" — a strange sentence which may be, as previously mentioned, a reminiscence of a totemic period! (See page 366)... The *Matsyoni*, the seabirds, followed shouting "tswe-tswe-tswe ;" the *Mamphondo*, those of the horn, came shouting "tshuba-tshuba-tshuba" and imitating buffalos and rhinoceroses. The *Maphisi* started last, howling wildly like hyenas : "hum-hum-hum..."

726 If the field of battle is far away, if there is a long march to
533 be made, special *marching songs* are sung on the road. The
539 most impressive is the following : a soloist sings in a very high key :

Abafo! — The enemy!

and the whole army answers in a rich and tuneful melody :

Eeeee-e-e! e-e! — Here they are!

All the shields are held straight, ready to meet the foe.
Here are two other marching songs :

Nangu moya wa tshisirwe !
We are the fire which burns the country !
Inkonyana ya ndlopfu inhlazio bum...
The calf of the elephant is exposed on the plain...

This means the chief who is in danger! Let us protect and deliver him.

727 765 killed, "because the whole country would mourn : — they have not been killed by the mat (likuku) at home, but by the assagai on the battle-field! They are men! If any one weeps he will have to pay £ 2." (Mboza.)

726 703 When the Maputju yimpis fought against Nondwane in 1876, in the battle which took place near Malangotiba, (3 km west of Rikatla), they were decimated and eventually repulsed. Their chief Musongi sent them back to fight again. They refused. Then he punished them in the following way : he condemned them to go and fetch water with pots, like women, but they had to go on their knees to the pool, saying : "It is the result of our cowardice" — (Ngi ndaba ya bugwala). Afterwards they had to extinguish a bush fire with their hands, and came home very much scorched and burnt.

When the yimpi is victorious, the return is marked by important 727 songs called *hubu* (cl. dji-ma). The regiments follow each other, 533 each singing his own *hubu*, and they at once build the mukhumbi 535 when they reach the village of the chief. They dance, dance their doughty deeds. Suddenly silence is required ; the counsellors narrate to the chief how the fighting has proceeded and tell him the names of those who have killed enemies, those who have struck the first blow and their *bahlomuri*, viz., those who transfixed the leg and the arm. After which the heroes "gila" to their heart's content, together with the bahlomuri. They are proud! They are applauded! They are the great men of the day, the *tingwaza*, the saviours of the chief!

This leads me to consider the very curious customs connected with the slayers and the slain on the battle-field.

I. THE FATE OF THE SLAIN AND THE TREATMENT OF THE SLAYERS.

1. *The fate of the slain.*

554 When a man has slain an enemy, he has covered himself with 727 the most enviable glory : he has the right to perform the war-dance before the chief. He takes away all the garments from

of the garden with a good vegetable until the first-fruits themselves ripen and furnish a more substantial food. 241 221

When the rains commence, sometimes as early as September, but generally later, it is *time to begin the regular sowing*. Everybody then starts for himself, because, although the fields tilled by the mother are the largest, every member of the family has tilled his own : the husband has his *mpashu* (I. p. 337) and each girl has her plot.

The Native idea is that every owner of a field must sow all principal cereals and vegetables in his garden, except peas, on account of their taboo. So, in a line on the border, are planted sweet potatoes and manioc. Mealie seeds are sown at a given distance from each other, alternating with Kafir corn and sorghum, and in between are planted ground nuts and beans. Watch how the mistress of the field proceeds to sow her maize : she walks along with short steps, at each one digging up a shovelful of well tilled earth, and planting in the holes three or four grains of maize, which she carefully covers over. The work is done in haste so as to take advantage of the last rains. The *lisindje* is first sown ; then begins the hasty tilling of the old fallow fields (pula, dji-ma). The crop is not likely to be so plentiful as that obtained from virgin soil, but the same fields can be used for three or four consecutive years before they become exhausted.

Natives have no idea of *fertilising the ground* in any way whatever ; at the most they may take advantage of the manure which has accumulated in some disused oxen kraal, to plant thereon a few gourds or some tobacco.

The operation of hastily tilling the fallow fields is often carried on by a *djimo* (dji-ma). Knowing that her fallows are very large and that she can hardly cope with them by herself, the owner calls all her neighbours to a djimo, viz., a working party, having wisely prepared a number of large jugs of beer. Neighbours will certainly accept the invitation as they may have to ask for similar help later on. So they come in the morning, and attack the fields with energy, singing and shouting all the time. There are special djimo songs, in particular amongst the Ba-Sutho. One may see them, some fifty black bodies toiling vigorously, 241 476 574 [533]

439 £60 ; and, in case of disagreement, the 60 cobs were counted again in corroboration of the contract made. If he brought an elephant's tusk, the Banyan gave him the value of a full lobolo. Carriers received two pieces of calico as reward.

437 After having visited Kimberley, in 1870, some Thongas, having begun to understand better the advantages of trading, attempted to undertake such expeditions on their own account. But they soon gave up the experiment as the Ngonis of Muzila often robbed them of all their goods. When they were working for White men, the Ngonis were afraid to pillage the company ; on the other hand, if by chance there was a loss, it concerned the White merchant. So they preferred the system of trading for the White men.

These travelling companies had to observe many taboos in order to succeed in their expeditions, in particular the *travellers' taboos*, which have been explained I. p. 339.

533 There are several popular songs which the traders used to
539 sing on the road, or which were sung about them. One of these
437 has already been quoted (p. 102). Here is another in which the tired carriers ask their leader to allow them to return home :

Hoho! hoho! maringele wa mamano!
Hoho! hoho! dla nkambana hi muka!
Hulukati ya ndlopfu yi nga siyi fiwana!

Oho! Oho! Thou who leadest us as a mother!
Oho! Oho! Break the platter and let us go home!
The female-elephant never forsakes her young!

437 The company generally consisted of men only. The allusion to the female elephant, however, may mean that there were sometimes also women amongst them. They address the leader of the expedition, asking him to destroy the platter so that no utensils shall be left in which to prepare food, thus necessitating a return home. They are thinking besides of their little ones left behind in the village, from whom it is unnatural for them to be separated so long. The mother elephant never forsakes her little one!

B. THONGA SONGS.

I. *Thonga poetry and Thonga poets.*

Bantu poetry differs widely from our own! So do Bantu poets from our "literary men." I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of one of them on the same day that I witnessed the crushing down of Mayibane's hut (I, p. 156). Attracted by the big gathering, and knowing that he would have plenty of hearers, and meat to his heart's content, this poet had come to grace the occasion with his presence. He was on a literary tour, going from one village to another, singing his songs and dancing from one end of the land to the other. Tall, his face absolutely clean shaven, his eyes having a kind of absent, semi-conscious look, he at the same time appeared most contemptuous and remained in a state of olympic calm, as if he were a very superior kind of being. He was a man of the Manyisa clan, and all seemed to show him much consideration. When those officiating at the sacrifice were busy cutting open the victim, he appeared in the circle formed by the spectators (see illustration I. p. 159, No. 7), and began his performance. He had put on a skirt of *milala* palm-leaves and imitated a lame man, assuming an air of intense suffering. Suddenly, with wonderful strength, he began to trample the ground with his feet. He had an assagai in his hand, and feigned to pierce his own side, and his thigh. Then, lifting the weapon, he cast an authoritative look on the throng and those who had been laughing stopped and kept perfectly quiet. He remained immovable, regarding them with an air of supreme contempt, impassible... And then he commenced his song (suma). 533 538

(Chorus) Oho! Oho! (Soloist) Where are you going, mother (See tune No. 1 in the collection of Thonga tunes.)

The throng joined with him in the chorus, which was really very effective. The women clapped their hands in cadence

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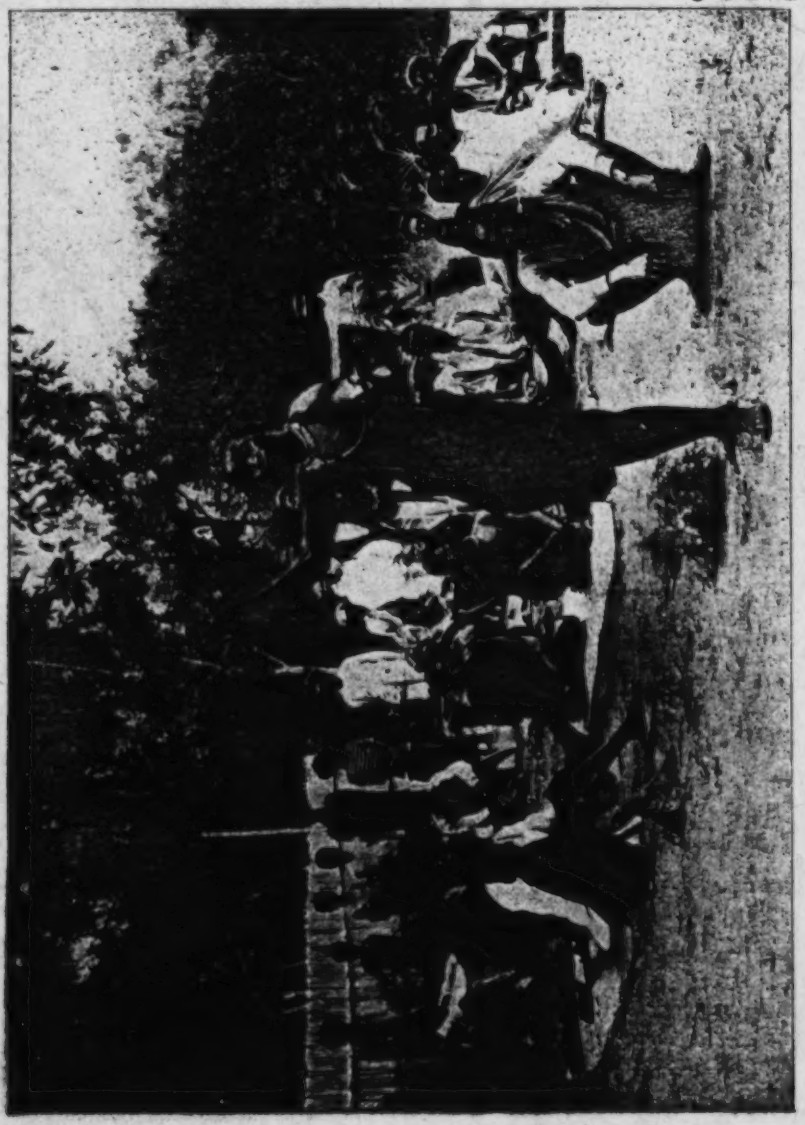

Phot. A. Bard.

A Thonga minstrel.

(wombela) to encourage him. Judging that they did not do this with sufficient vigour, he scooped up a handful of sand and threatened to throw it into their eyes. They clapped with renewed ardour. One of them, the tall, light-coloured one who had sung the obscene songs referred to I. p. 159, came, and with a peculiar smile wrapped a yellow piece of cloth round his loins. He sang other songs, again trampling furiously on the ground, until the sacrificers had finished their work ; then he was made to stop, and the prayer to Manyibane began.

This performance was indeed, wonderful, and its interest was in no wise inferior to the funeral ceremonies themselves. It is a typical example of Thonga poetry, where three elements are generally present : the music, the dance and the words, which are more or less poetical.

This Manyisa bard is by no means a unique specimen. I remember having heard, many years ago, a poet of exactly the same type, from Bilene, who visited the Ronga clans, singing everywhere and asking for old rags as his reward. There are professional poets who earn their living by their art. There are also a number of occasional poets, who compose new songs and perform them in their own villages, not aspiring to a world-wide fame. If their tunes are pleasing, they are spoken of by others, and so become known throughout the land, on the strength of their own merit. In this way songs become popular and a great number of them are constantly sung at beer-parties, after harvest, at the feasts, some gradually falling into oblivion and being replaced by new ones each season (1).

In this chapter I shall not treat of the musical character of the

(1) I met later a blind minstrel, Mungomana, who earned his living in the neighbourhood of Lourenço Marques by giving concerts in the yard of an important Native woman named Nwalanga, at which a number of boys from Inhambane and Chopiland used to stop before leaving for Johannesburg. He accompanied their dances with his timbila (xylophone) and was payed 4.800 reis per month. He told me his story. When quite young he showed a quite unusual gift for music and dancing. He went everywhere where a feast was taking place and boys were trying to outdo each other in dancing and singing, and was always proclaimed first. A woman impressed by his wonderful art, asked him to marry her, but he declined on the plea that he was still too young. Once as he was passing along a field where this woman was at work, she said to him: "If you do not marry me, you shall not live." Frightened by this

533 songs ; that will be considered in the next chapter, in which I
538 intend to publish the forty-one tunes of my collection. Here I shall only consider them as literary products, and in trying to classify them, I have noticed that, though most of them cannot be said to be very elaborate compositions, they pertain to many different styles, lyric, elegiac, epic, dramatic, etc. and, in addition, there are those which are sung while at work, as well as the incantations to animals and spirits. I will give some examples of each of these categories.

II. *Lyric poetry.*

533 Thongas, like most human beings, have felt the need of chanting
539 their joys and sorrows, joining words to music in order the better to express their feelings. These feelings are not as a rule very deep, and their lyrics are rather play than a painful cry of the heart. Here for instance is *the complaint of the childless woman*, who longs ardently for a baby. She has been to other people and asked them to lend her one. But they have refused and only consented to lend her a mortar and a plate. She then sings to a charming melody (Tune 7).

A ba boleki ñwana ! — Ba boleka tshuri ni nkambana !
Ngi ndji mangatlu ! — Ngi ndji shimungwe ! — Ngi n'ta ku utla !
They won't lend me a baby ! — They lend me but a mortar and a plate !
Were I an eagle ! — Were I a bird of prey ! — I would carry thee away !

The thousands of young Thongas *who go to the mines of Johannesburg*, to extract the precious auriferous quartz, seem to be quite contented with their fate. They, however, chant their

533 threat he fled to another country, but soon one of his eyes began to swell. His elder
754 brother told him : "You have been bewitched by that woman," and his paternal aunt tried to heal him. She covered him with a piece of cloth, and made him expose his eye to the steam of a certain drug boiled in a pot below. She claimed to have succeeded, having found an ox-tail hair at the bottom of the pot when she poured out the water. This was however a lie. The eye complaint became worse, till he entirely lost his sight. He then devoted his life to music, and composed many songs to accompany the dances of the magayisa (boys going to work.) These songs became popular ; if a boy wished for one of them, his favourite, to be executed, he would willingly pay 200 reis ! — Mungomana is the only Thonga I heard of who used music in his religious rites. I shall give the words of his canticle in Part VI.

misfortunes to a very melodious tune (No. 8) which I once heard in Rikatla repeated a dozen times by children's voices along the bushy paths. The words were in Zulu and were said to mean : 533 539

Stones are very hard to break
Far from home, in a foreign land.

The tune is so catching that it has become quite popular even in French Switzerland, where I have had the opportunity of singing it on many occasions.

Once when I was walking after sunset in the neighbourhood of a miserable village of two or three huts in Rikatla, I was attracted by a simple melody repeated again and again by a feminine voice. A young woman with a child on her shoulders and engaged in cooking her food was singing. She had just lost her father. Her husband was a very bad character ; she had been obliged to leave him and to take refuge in her father's village, and, lo, he had died! Feeling lonely and abandoned by all her natural helpers, she was expressing her grief in a low tone by the following words sung to a tune full of sadness (No. 41).

Tatana a ndji siya	My father has left me !
Na ndji nga li na mumben !	And I had no other except him !
Ndji se psanga libalen	I remain alone on the earth !
Sha ndji ta ya kwini mbuu !	Where shall I go then, Alas !

I am afraid Bantu lyrics have more than once found occasion to celebrate the selfishness and *rudeness of the White race* ! I remember travelling through the desert with three Zoutpansberg colonists, and some of their black servants. The White masters were not exactly gentle with their boys. A road had to be cut through the bush and it was hard work to remove the stones, and to cut down the trees. The shambock was sometimes resorted to in order to stimulate the Natives. I once heard one of them, who had just been castigated, murmuring in a low tone his monotonous complaint, whilst chopping at a stem. I caught the following words : (Tune 9) 533 539 609 466

Ba hi shanisa !	They treat us badly !
Ba ku hi hlupa !	They are hard on us !
Ba nwa makhofi !	They drink their coffee !
Ba nga hi nyike !	And they give us none !

533 Of course the colonists, who only knew "Kitchen Kafir,"
539 could not understand the complaint of the Nkuna boy!

The *song of the crab* is more tragic! (Tune No. 10). In a deep minor key a man cries for help! He went to hunt the big crabs which dwell in the mud of the mangrove forest, or on the sea-shore. He followed one ; the animal hastily hid itself in its hole. The imprudent hunter tried to catch it there ; he put his arm into the hole and attempted to pull the crab out. But the crustacean seized his finger in its claws so firmly that the man could not get free. He remained tightly held down, fixed to the ground. The tide is rising; soon it will cover him! And he cries :

> Yo-o! Lomo tjukeni ku na mani? — Hala yi khomi litiho!
> Alas! - On the shore is there some one? — The crab has caught me by the finger!

This is almost dramatic poetry and the scene is worthy of a true literary description.

533 The *erotic style* is cultivated by boys and girls on different
832 occasions though it must be said that love, as we understand it,
539 plays but little part in Thonga life. Boys in love generally express their feelings to the accompaniment of the unicord harp (see Chap. III) in the evening in the neighbourhood of the village of their beloved one ; I have never been able to catch the words of these songs, which are said to be sometimes very long, and are sung in a very loud voice ; they are not precisely chaste, according to one of our Native ministers, who considered that the use of the unicord harp ought to be forbidden to Christian boys! But here is a *love song* probably composed by a girl who was not allowed to marry the boy of her choice :

> To-morrow, to-morrow, my mother, I will start,
> To-morrow, father, I will start,
> I will start with an axe ;
> With this axe I will cut the stump,
> The stump on which my friend has hurt his leg,
> My friend whose belt of tails hangs from his waist,
> The one for whom I draw my legs out of the way. (1)

784 (1) Perhaps an allusion to the fact that it is taboo to pass over any one's outstretched
516 legs. She draws in her legs to give him the means of passing and coming to sit beside her.

The stump is perhaps some ill-disposed person whose opposition the energetic maid is determined to overcome! 533 832

As a counterpart, here is the *complaint of a jilted lover*, who gives vent to his annoyance with the girl and her family : 539

Refuse me if you will, girl!
The grains of maize you eat in your village are human eyes!
The tumblers from which you drink are human skulls!
The manioc roots you eat are human tibia!
The sweet potatoes are human fingers!
Refuse me, if you will, girl!

The vexation of a jilted lover is of short duration. He has the money, he is sure to find a girl! But it would be erroneous to think Native lovers or husbands are not capable of deep and lasting affection. I know of a case, near Shiluvane, in which a Nkuna committed suicide because his wife had deceived him, and had relations with another man. 831

See, I. p. 286, the song in which the *despised wife* gives vent to her anger : her husband has plucked her little pumpkin and given it to the wife he preferred. No doubt the *bukwele*, the special feeling of jealousy existing between co-wives, has inspired more than one song which could find no equivalent in our own literature! 533

Mourning songs are numerous ; they are sung just after the burial. They are touching ; note the simple cry : 533 765 539

Mamane! You have left us! whither have you gone?

The tune (No. 14) is striking : a very high and prolonged note, followed by double crochets sounded very rapidly and ending in another long note with a short sharp conclusion, like a cry of anguish.

One of those present rises and sings, as if he were playing the part of the bereaved :

A ba ndji ya'ange-ke lepsi?
Have they not hated me, treating me in this way?

All the throng of the mourners answer :

Ba ku yalile, wena, wa ka manyana!
They have hated you, son of so and so!

533 He answers :

539 Ba tekile nkhao !
765 They have taken my intimate friend !

This is no doubt an allusion to the wizards, who are supposed to cause most of the deaths. They are cursed in another very curious song, half Zulu, noted down by Mrs Audéoud in Maputju. (Tune 16.)

Hamban, Muthakati ! Bulela bantu ! — U teka b'sikwin !
Go away, wizard ! Killer of men ! — You take them during the night !

Or the mourning song may be a complaint, in which the family bewails its bereavement, like the old Nkuna song. (Tune 15) :

Hi bana ba Nhumba ya ntima ! Hi bana ba Malala ni ngobe.
We are the sons of the black house (the house of misfortune and defilement)

The following is strangely stoic :

A li beni mombo ! A li beni mombo !
Ku tshubuka, ku baba ka psone !
Let it beat the face ! Let it beat the face !
To run away, what a bitter thing !

Death is like a foe. Look at it face to face! Do not lose your courage in this last fight.

I quote in Part VI another mourning song, a very curious one, where an allusion is made to Heaven, the mysterious power which kills and gives life, which we have already heard mentioned in the song of the widows (I, p. 209), when they lament their bereavement.

533 This *stoic* song is also a *war* song ; it is customary to sing the
539 war songs at the death of any important personage. The following belongs to the same category, and is used on both occasions :

Kutle-kutle, ntlubane ! Fumo dji wile ! A dlawa hi nomo, Tatana !
Hear this noise of weapons ! The ansegai has fallen ! He has been killed on account of his words, father !

The chief has been killed in a fight which had been caused by his imprudent words : he wished to free himself from his

suzerain (the Ngoni chief?) ; war ensued, and he was put to death! So the sorrow caused by death has certainly furnished Thonga poets with touching themes. 533 539

The heart of the whole tribe was also stirred, at the close of the before-mentioned war of 1894-1896, when the young chief Ñwamantibyane, only 18 or 20 years of age, was caught and deported to West Africa. *The lament of the child* was then composed by an unknown author ; but he had so well understood the feelings of the Black nation that it at once became popular ; and it was heard everywhere on the wharf, hummed by hundreds of boys carrying loads or pushing trucks, and chanting the sad fate of the child ; in the villages, far and wide, they sang the recital of Ñwamantibyane's sufferings :

Ndumakazulu ! The glorious ! Known as far as Zululand !
He fought bravely ! He was obliged to fly !
He was caught and deported... etc.

And ever and again came the chorus, in a sad, resigned tone : (Tune 11).

Hi ñwanso ! Hi ñwana ba dlele ! Ñwamantibyane !
It is the child ! The child they have killed ! Ñwamantibyane !

Eleven years later, when travelling far away in the Manyisa district, I heard a tall, thin boy playing on his unicord harp in a Banyan store, and muttering some words, which he accompanied by beating his instrument. This was the same old lament of the child :

It is the child, the child whom they have killed !
He was not yet grown up !

The melody had greatly changed (tune 12) and the pain had passed out of it. But the national song had not yet entirely died away.

This is a kind of elegy, and forms a transition to the patriotic and epic songs.

III. *Epic poetry.*

The war songs have already been quoted when dealing with the Army (I. p. 460), those performed in the mukhumbi, at the coronation of the chief (I. p. 372) when preparing to go to

533 fight, when returned from battle, as well as those sung during the march of the troop. I give the striking music of some of these in the next chapter. Tune 24 is the "Sabela nkosi" the great Mpfumo song, also adopted by other clans. Tune 25, with its splendid change from the minor to the major key, is the Tembe and Maputju classical war song. No. 29 is an old Nkuna war song, dating as far back as 1820, before the Zulu invasion; No. 27 is the principal modern Nkuna song, and
535 No. 28 the Nkuna equivalent to the Ronga *Giraffe song*. These old chants are sung to the accompaniment of the military dance, which consists in trampling on the ground, while rhythmically brandishing the assagais, lifting them first to the right, then to the left, bending them sideways, then downwards, as if to pierce (I. p. 463). They are certainly wonderfully fine compositions.

533 I include in the same category the laudatory song of the *mbongi*
826 (I. p. 424), a branch of literature in which Court poets display
644 considerable imagination and an extraordinary gift for unbounded hyperbole. All the important chiefs have their mbongi and it is required of the man holding this office that he should have a good chest (shifuba), the chest being to the Thongas the seat of eloquence (as it was to the ancient Romans : Pectus est quod oratorem facit!). The elucubrations of these poet laureates sometimes last a very long time and may have real poetic value.

614 As we saw (I. p. 361) each clan and even each family
553 possesses its own laudatory phrase; this is the *shibongo*, a word which generally means family name, but which etymologically signifies the formula by which the clan or family glorifies (bonga) itself. These formulae are usually short and often contain archaic expressions or allusions to unknown facts which make them very difficult to understand. I have given some of those from the Ronga territory. Here are two others, collected by the Rev. A. Jaques amongst the Transvaal Thongas, who seem to cultivate this custom more than the coast clans; they are perhaps encouraged to do so by their Pedi neighbours, who are very fond of these formulae, called by them *mireto*.

Hlangwini wa ka Shitlhelane; hi ba ka Nkandzamuri; hi ba ka Manyubele ni Mbovo; hi ba ka Gidjigidji, ba tilo. —. Akane ka pitjungé! Lunu akolwni mi ta moka hi kona... 614 553

Hlangwini of (the house of) Shitlhelane; we are of (the house of) Nkandzamuri; we are of (the house of) Manyubele and Mbovo; we are of (the house of) Gidjigidji, the people of Heaven. —. Build (your huts) on the hills. In the valley you will have to leave (?)

It would seem that these Hlangwinis are a clan of rain-makers, people having the power of Heaven. They advise others to settle on the hills and not in the valleys, because otherwise their huts would be swept away by the floods, owing to the terrible rains which the Hlangwinis have the power of causing to fall.

The second is not very refined, but is characteristic. Erotic allusions are frequent in those formulae :

Nkuna wa Mabutane; mabuta, ba yi bonile ku basa ka yona.
Nkuna of Mabutane; when wooing a girl, he has seen that she was pure.

Mabutane is probably a surname of Nkuna. There is in this formula a play on the word buta which means to woo (I. p. 101). Before choosing a girl, the ancestor first made sure that she was untouched ; this denotes a species of wisdom which his descendants still boast of to-day! 553

In epic poetry may be included also the *shiphate*, a Zulu expression which means the laudatory sentence with which warriors praise themselves according to the Zulu fashion. Private individuals, and even women sometimes have their shiphato ; for instance a girl bearing the name of Yandea will glorify herself in these words : Yendea, madjaha! Yendea, the young men! This formula does not throw a very favourable light on the habits of the girl, and scarcely belongs to literature!

A more elaborate product of Thonga poetry is found in the *hunting songs*. I have already mentioned these (p. 60) and here give as a typical example the Elephant's song. I have been told by my informant, Zebedea Mbenyana, a Native of Bilen, that the hunters performed it whilst dancing on the body of the enormous beast, after having transfixed it. 533 224 115 539

1st Strophe.

533 They march in single file, the Elephants, the mighty ones,
224 They go to slake their thirst.
539

Antistrophe.

Let us go too! They're drinking amongst the thickets! Hurrah

2nd Strophe.

Hark! the smothered roarings in the forest.

Antistrophe.

'Tis a grand sound, the roaring in the forest. Hurrah!

3rd Strophe.

The crying of the elephant, the mother! 'Tis she who calls the hunters to the thickets.

Antistrophe.

Hurrah! 'tis she who calls the hunters! Ho! Hurrah!

4th Strophe.

Yonder's the one with ears so large and drooping.

Antistrophe.

Hurrah! the big-eared one has just passed us. Hurrah!

5th Strophe.

The boys are there; the sound of knives being sharpened, there from the spot where the elephant lies [redacted].

Antistrophe.

Hurrah! the sound of knives being sharpened. Hurrah!

This composition certainly exhibits wonderful poetic power and grandeur, describing marvellously the emotions of the courageous band, who have finally succeeded in obtaining the precious tusks of the elephant, and vast quantities of meat. This song of triumph is worthy of a place amongst the best productions of the Muse of primitive races.

195 To the imaginative mind of the Bantu everything that causes a deep impression, even material objects, affords an occasion for the utterance of lofty phrases and words of praise. Once when travelling south of Delagoa Bay through the desert, our party arrived in the neighbourhood of the Umbelozi railway. The

train was heard in the distance. One of my servants was busy cleaning the pots ; I heard him muttering the following words : 195

The one who roars in the distance... The one who crushes in pieces the braves and smashes them ! The one who debauches our wives : they abandon us, they go (to the towns to lead a bad life) ! The seducer ! And we remain alone.

He was extolling the huge thing and lamenting his misfortune and the curse it has brought upon the country.

IV. *Satiric poetry.*

I have already mentioned the peculiar custom of Thonga literati of speaking in a round-about fashion, and using figurative language, especially when they want to say something disagreeable or to give vent to their humour. It is but one step from such forms to satire. They generally indulge in this satiric vein when dealing with relatives-in-law, women being especially prone to it. When the sisters and aunts of a married woman go to pay a visit to her, they convey all kinds of equivocal compliments. These must not be taken seriously! It is a round-about — exceedingly round-about — way of making graceful allusions and expressing their mutual esteem. I will quote the series of these songs of friendly chaff and invective as it was given to me by Shigiyane, with a running commentary to render them comprehensible. These lively and pointed choruses give a fitting finishing-touch to the marriage customs, and illustrate the curious relations existing between allied families, which I explained in Vol. I, p. 249-253. 533 195 574 576 539

On the wedding day the women who take the bride to her husband sing the *tjeka song* : 585 533 539

Let us go with her, but let us go back to our homes!

This is an ironical way of saying : "She is going to find trouble : we won't follow her as far as that!." The same idea runs through all the songs which these women sing during the next few days.

585 When they accompany the bride to her new home, they sing :

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U ya kwi, Mamano ! — Whither goest thou, mother ?
U ya kwi shana ? — Whither goest thou ?
Ba ta tshaha shihundju ni lihlelo, mamano !
They will bring thee the basket full of maize and the fan, my mother !
Ba ta kuma u tlokoli, ba tlokolisa, mamano !
When thou hast finished crushing it, they will make thee crush it again, my mother !
Ba ta kuma u kopoli, ba kopolisa, mamano !
When thou hast plastered the floor, they will make thee plaster it again, my mother !

But when they come on a visit, carrying jars of beer as presents to the newly married couple, they are much less guarded in their language, ridiculing the poor husband and his family, and making fun of every one in general. They begin singing on the way, with the jars on their heads :

He ntshonga, banhwanyana, he nga batjanana
He la libango ; fa hi nga labi, we manyana.
Ku laba manyana ka fwan'a manyana.
We are a small band, young girls ; there are few of us.
We are looking for a piece of meat on the spit ; formerly we should not have known where to find any, our sister (so and so) !
Now our sister will get some for us from her husband !

Hi kokobisa lobe, hi ya kwihi shana ?
Hi bhanu ba ku yalwa !
He fambaka ti khombo, ni khombo dji le kaya !
Where are we going, thus dragging the hook behind us ? (1)
We are the people that are hated.
We walk in misfortune (2), the misfortune that has befallen our house !

Ka ku kandja fwana a ku na kule.
Wo khunga he lihanyi, we koko !
Ya kokowela : kowe-kowe-kowe.
Where a daughter lives it cannot be very far off.
Go there, grannie, limping and leaning on thy staff !
Listen to the hen cackling. She says : kowe, kowe, kowe. (3)

[222] (1) They compare themselves to women who have been in the fields, picking kwakwa fruits (p. 17), and are so heavily laden that they cannot carry the hook used for pulling the fruit off the trees ; they have had to tie it to their belt, and drag it behind them on their way home. The travellers give it to be understood that they are not out for pleasure !

(2) That of having to go and see a brother-in-law who ill-treats their sister.

(3) This line is an encouragement to the old woman who finds the walk long and tiring. The other women promise her a fowl at the end of their journey, which the son-in-law will kill for her. Note the first line of the third verse : it is a kind of proverb.

On arriving at the village they stop at the edge of the stream : 585 533 539 574

Fulamelani, banhwanyana, hi ya nwa mati nkobeni.
Stoop down, young women, let us drink water in the valley.

Finally they settle themselves in the home of their *bakoñwana*, their relatives-in-law, and begin to insult their hosts.

Ba yala na wo mbengana loko a boleka !
Ba li : " Famba, u ya teka kwenu u buya wa ta sila ".
Ba yala ni shudana, ba yala ni musana
Ba li : " U ya teka kwenu u buya wa ta tlokola. "
They won't lend (our sister) a grindstone when she wants to borrow one.
They say to her : " Go home and fetch one and then come back and grind. "
They won't lend her the small pestle and mortar.
They say : " Go home and get your own, and then come back and crush your maize. "

Then they make fun of the mother-in-law, who is whispering with the other women of the village, making arrangements, doubtless, for the good entertainment of the visitors. They pretend to discover in these asides some terrible plot.

A li ñwono-ñwono ! Mabulela ya nsati lweyi ! Hi file ! Hi lobile !
That woman over there is whispering ! What can she be saying !
We are dead ! We are lost !

As for the head of the village, these shrewish visitors accost him thus :

Ñwenyi wa muti, hi wene ? A ku hi hi mati, hi ñwene ?
A he hlayi wone, ya nhlobo ! Hi hla byala ne sope !
Are you the master of the village ? Are you not going to give us any water to drink ?
We don't mean well-water ; we mean beer and brandy !

The villagers approach to salute the new-comers, who sulk and refuse to say a word. Large pots are made ready for cooking food.

Mi kokela matambeko, mi kokela bamane ?
Kambe hi balala, hi nga ka manyana !
You prepare the large pots... For whom are you making them ready ?
We are enemies, we are !

585 The young folks catch fowls in order to feast them properly
533 They raise objections.
539
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A hi djyule kwee ! A hi djyule kwee !
Hi djyule nkoka-hi-pindja !
We will have nothing to do with that which cries kwee. (The cry of the fowl when being killed.)
We want the animal which is led with a string (a goat).

But it is the husband who has to put up with the worst insults.

Ha ! matinga-tingela ya nhunu lwe ! Loko a hi bona a ku tlhanya [illegible]ubu.
Ah ! see how he wants to avoid us ! As soon as he sees us he runs and hides behind the houses ! (He is afraid of us !)
Hi laba tima-mbilu ! hi djyula mafura ya ku nona phobo.
We want something to satisfy the heart ! We must have our fat very rich !
Nyoka ya nyoka ! Mbyana ya mbyana ! Yi whee !
Serpent that thou art ! Dog that thou art ! Thou sayest bow-wow !

Then to show him that they really like and appreciate him, they add, with the true untutored rudeness which they maintain to the end of the visit :

A ku hi lobolele ? Na wene, bana ba ku ba ku lobolela ki khume ni ntlhanu !
Won't you buy another wife from us ! Later on your daughters will bring you a dowry worth fifteen pounds sterling !

Finally, after having had plenty to eat and to drink and a good dance, they will remark, on leaving :

Hi tlhome nyonga ya mbuti, hi muka
Twine the goat's bladder in our hair, that we may go home.

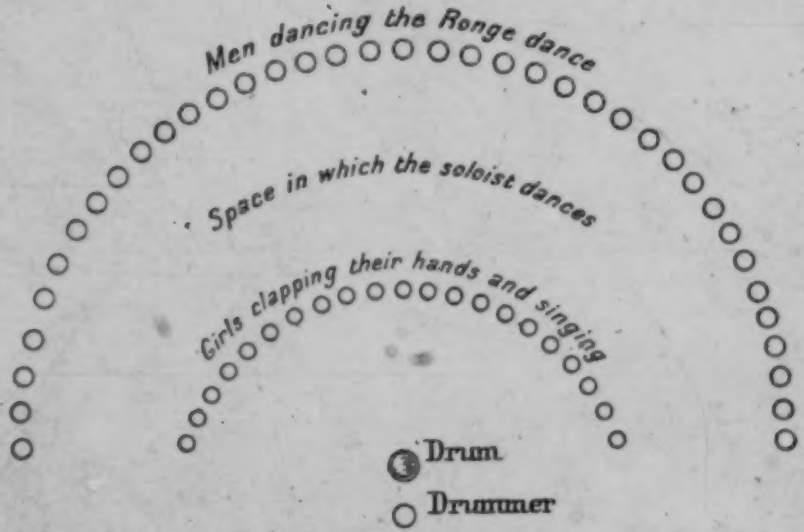
All this is not very high-flown poetry. The general intercourse between relatives-in-law is by no means refined and this rudeness contrasts with the ordinary civility of Native life. Let us remember that this way of speaking is not intended to show a want of politeness on the part of the visitors, but, on the contrary, is the behaviour suited to the occasion ! I have the music of some of these songs, which were noted down by Mrs Audéoud, in Maputju. In No. 13, the bridesmaids actually exhort the bride not to follow her husband ! But they are the last to expect her to follow their advice.

V. *Dramatic poetry.*

This is perhaps too lofty a term by which to designate the kind of songs, or other literary productions, which I am going to describe. Primitive folk have no theatre, no elaborate tragedies or comedies. But our tribe certainly possesses the rudiments of histrionic art in the dances accompanied by songs, which are called *tinsimu ta Ronge*, the songs of Ronge. The word *Ronge* does not seem to be related in any way to Ronga. It is applied to an old collection of songs in which dancing played the principal part and which were quite peculiar to the clans of the Coast. They were performed after harvest, when the storehouses were full and when the Ba-Ronga bid themselves : "Eat, drink and be merry!" Boys and girls used to remain in the bush for many weeks learning these dances, in a kind of school, which may have taken the place of the circumcision school ; the latter has been suppressed for more than a century in these districts. I say, these songs *were* performed, — because they are now fast disappearing, having been replaced by Zulu songs, called *mudjatu* and *muthimbo*. These are, in their turn, giving way to new dances called *gumpsa*, in which young boys and girls put on milala palm leaf dresses. These were the great novelty in 1908 and pupils of the Mission schools were deserting them to play gumpsa. Another new dance is called *shiloyi*, and consists in the imitation of boatmen : the performers sit down and execute movements similar to those of sailors pulling a boat, to the accompaniment of song. The *shindjekandjeka* was another dance executed by the wives of Mubvesha (I, p. 287). Most of these dances take place in the capital, and the Chief summons all the boys to take part in them. This is not absolutely obligatory, but should any one begin the training, and then leave before it is finished, he will be fined. No doubt these complicated dances mark the beginning of a theatre, as will be seen shortly : they at any rate give the impression of an organised ballet.

Many of the songs refer to *historical events* in the life of the clan, or to by-gone occurrences, almost forgotten, and it is for

533 this reason that some of them are so difficult to understand ;
535 they also vary from one clan to another. The following, according
539 to Spoon, is the most popular song in Nondwane. An individual performs on a drum to give the time to the dancers. Around the drummer, in a semicircle, are arranged the girls who sing the refrains (tekelela), and clap their hands to encourage the soloist (musimi). Farther away, in concentric semi-circles, stand the



The Ronge dance.

men of the village, dancing but not singing. Between the two semicircular ranks the soloist has free play. He commences by saying :

Ndji pfumala shigoba sha nakulori.
Why ? I haven't got a partner for the dance !

The girls reply :

Hi hlula hi mbilu yi babisaka.
Our hearts are indeed very sad.

He continues :

A psi na ntshumu ! Makweru Nwakubyele a fanaka ni pataka dja balungu.
Never mind ! My brother Nwakubyele (will do very well), for he shines like one of the Whites' silver pieces !

Ñwakubyele was a Counsellor whose home was about three quarters of an hour's walk from Rikatla. He was probably a famous dancer. The words of this song would hardly seem very inspiring, but the noise of the drum, the clapping of hands, the dancing, — and the flow of beer, — all helps to account for the intense pleasure which these games afford to the Ba-Ronga. 533 539

Another Ronge song is in praise of another dancer :

Ñwahangwa ! Ñwahangwa ! Loka ba shi bona, shi ne nkaukelo !
Shi bombisa tinsimo ta ku tala ta Ronge !
Ñwahangwa ! Ñwahangwa ! When one sees him (one admires) his beautiful figure. . . .
He is the perfect performer of the numberless Ronge songs.

Still another, on the same theme, celebrates Gilela, a choregraphic artist who must have rejoiced in a marvellously slim figure :

Ú tlanga, Gilela ! Wa tlanga, likhalo li fana ni ngoti !
Ñwatshibeni ! tlanga ! tlanga ! Ku tjhongo ; hi nga tolobele !
Thou dancest, Gilela ! Thou dancest and thy waist is no thicker than a string !
Son of Tshimbeni ! Dance, dance. — That was too little. — We have not yet had enough !

I came across three other songs which seem to refer to actual historical events, but only one of these is sufficiently comprehensible to be worth transcribing. The music of the first phrase is very characteristic. (Tune 37.)

Ndji wela, ndji wela, Ñwatembe ! Ndji wela, ndji tjike ndji wela.
Ndji koka mabyatsho ; ndji tjutjuma, ndji ya tlhasa ka Ntshangane.
Sala muti wa Muhari ! — Ndji tjike, ndji wela !
I cross the stream. I cross the stream. Oh Tembe ! I cross the stream, let me cross the river !
I tow the boats. I fly away as far as Ntshangane.
Good bye, village of Muhari ! — Let me cross the river.

The two men of Tembe, who sang this song to me, telling me that it was a very popular one, were unable to explain its meaning. It is not difficult however to imagine the circumstances under which it was composed. It probably refers to fugitives, coming from the South, arriving at the Bay of Lourenço Marques, and asking the Coast dwellers, subjects of Muhari (a chief of Tembe in the XVIIIth century), for permission to cross the water-

533 and to continue their journey northward to Ntshangane (1), that
539 is to say Bilene, where they wished to take refuge. The memory of their wanderings has thus been preserved in a popular song.

These examples will show that the Ronge repertoire is a varied one, but I have still to transcribe that which is, at least as far as my knowledge goes, the most curious of the whole collection. It was explained to me in detail by Shigiyane who, in the Shirindja country some fifty years ago, in the Mpatshiki district, (on the borders of Nondwane), had often taken part in the performance, always in the rôle of soloist. In her opinion it is an absolutely typical song. It is no exaggeration to say that it is almost a dramatic production, and we might rightly call it the *Shirindja comedy*. It comprises five parts — I was on the point of saying five acts, — which follow one another, but without, it must be admitted, any kind of logical sequence.

The *First Act* may be entitled "The old men's march." All the adults of the village go out into the bush, — let us say to the west, — whence they return to the square, halting and limping and dragging their limbs along, as if suffering from some complaint which prevents their walking. To a monotonous air they sing the following words:

Ndji laba batlhabeni ! Angati leyi ya masengwe ya tshabisa !
Lomo kweru, mamana, we, angati leyi yi ndji tsimba ku famba ;
Ndji teka mumphinyi, ndji tshebukela ku djima,
Yi yengeta yi ndji tsimba ku famba !
Psi yengeta, psi ba roma loko ndji tjhama.
Psi ka ne mpuri, nesi wa ku famba.
I am looking for some one to put leeches on me ! This complaint, this cursed lumbago is terrible !
In our village, oh ! my mother ! alas ! this trouble prevents my walking.
Take the handle (of my hoe). I start for the fields to till them. — And this thing stops me !
And it annoys (my relatives) to see me sitting down (doing no work). She may well be annoyed, the beauty, the good walker !

(1) Nshangane is a surname of Manukosi who did not establish himself in Bilene much before 1820 or 1830. But for various reasons it is probable that this name already belonged to an ancient chief of the country, and that Manukosi simply adopted it as his surname. If this song really dated from the time of Muhari (a chief who reigned in the Tembe clan in the middle of the XVIIIth century), it would be the oldest of the Thonga literary productions yet collected. This fact would prove also that *Shangaan*, the name commonly given to Thongas in Johannesburg, is a very ancient one.

During this song, the old folks come to the village; then the young ones go out, in the opposite direction, returning in due course to sing their verse, which forms the second act. 533 539

Second Act. Their story is that of a son-in-law who turned his mother-in-law out of his house, because she was suffering from smallpox. The poor old woman went out to die in the bush, in spite of the protestations of her daughter against her husband's cruelty. The husband and wife are heard giving expression to their feelings :

The son-in-law : (Solo) Ndja famba, ndja famba, na ndji nyenyemuka...
Ba mu hlongola, a famba a ya fela ahangale.
I am going away ! I am going away ! I am going away in disgust'
Let her be turned out and let her go and die in the bush !
The daughter : (her part is sung by all the actors in chorus)
Ndji tjetja shitlambutana, shi fambaka shi hona abuhlambo.
Lomo kweru, ka Mpatshiki, hi nga hanyi ! Hi yabana timpasana ni mashaka.
Psi yentsha he yo ngati ya kutane !
Ngati ya kutane ya tshabisa, hosi ya nga !
Psa ku hlongola ni mukonwana, a famba : a buya a kulubisa ku hlaya, shi hundja hi la, ba[illegible]ongola, a famba, a ya fela hangale.
I feel pity (wher[illegible]ce) smallpox making its ravages and ruining the face.
Here, at home, in the village of Mpatshiki we no longer live ! We no longer are kind to each other, even amongst relatives.
It is the fault of this terrible disease.
This disease is truly terrible, my lord !
It has driven the son-in-law from his home ; he goes, but returns with cruel words. The old woman comes this way, she is turned out ; she goes away and dies in the bush !

The Third Act begins when young and old are assembled on the village square. It is a dialogue (shibalekana) introducing a certain Gebuza, a man of Nondwane, who took refuge in Shirindja some time in the middle of the last century, when Zihlahla's warriors, led by Machaquene, went to fight in Nondwane on behalf of the Whites. This Gebuza was much beloved by Mpatshiki, a sub-chief living in the South of Shirindja, as we shall see in the fifth act. In any case he was a great dancer, and also possessed a marvellous faculty of saying a great deal and meaning very little! Listen to the following : a voluble dialogue is kept up between this individual and a young man named Mahlahlane.

533 *Gebuza.* Nanjduwe, Mahlahlane ?
539 *Mahlahlane.* Ha makweru !
G. Tlanga, makweru !
M. U tlanga, u ndji tlula,
makweru ! A pai na ntshumu.
G. A ndji pai tibanga
lepsako, nambe u le makweru,
inha ndja ku tlangisile
Nhaviyana.

My friend, Mahlahlane ?
Say on, my brother !
Dance, my brother !
You dance better than I do,
my brother ! That doesn't matter.
I did not know that,
although you are my brother.
I could please you with my dancing,
Nhaviyane.

Here the sense begins to be lacking... it concludes with a cross-fire of utterly meaningless remarks.

Mahlahlane. Eee !
Gebuza. Nhaviyana bantsindja.
M. Eee !
G. Nhaviyane basurumana.
Yi banga mahlolana !
Khumbu-khumbu dja Mayingandlela
A siku dja tolo.
Ku ta wa shikumbu sha ndladla
Ndji ndjuluka ndji nha,
Kupa-kupa ha matikeriñwane.

That's it !
Nhaviyana, the people of the capital.
That's it !
Nhaviyana, the Mahometans.
That works wonders.
? ? ? ? ?
Yesterday.
? ? ? ? ?
I go back, that's what I do.
Etc. etc...

On hearing this extraordinary production, quite as unintelligible as our Swiss children's "empros" — eena, meena, mina, mo, etc., — the whole company dance in silence, going through various contortions which are doubtless as full of meaning as the dialogue which precedes them.

In the *Fourth Act* all the actors re-enter the stage and commence the *shiombelane*, the hand-clapping with which they so often accompany their songs. They sing the following chorus :

Mamana, n'ta ku yini ?
Ina, hi tlakula Mpatshiki, fiwa-matlanga-ni-tinsana-ta-batjongwana !
He tlanga psigaba, Mpatshiki !
Ntlhamulo, ndji nyike hi psikwembo, ankulweni !
My mother, what shall I say ?
Oh ! yes ! let us praise our Chief Mpatshiki, he who loves to play with little children !
We dance the Ronge dance, Mpatshiki !
The echo (of our songs) comes back to us from the gods along the whole length of our villages !

Evidently the singers are celebrating the joyous gaiety of this fête, where all are happy, the Chief good-natured, and wherein the gods themselves (the deceased ancestors, probably buried in the sacred wood near the village) join the living.

Fifth Act. A few songs in which Gebuza plays a prominent part, constitute the finale. He was an interminable braggart

when once he started on stories of the contests between the Nondwane and Zihlahla clans. Instead of tilling his fields, he idled away his time in his village, in the shade of a nkanye, the tree of bitter fruits (nunge)... Hence the following dialogue : 533 539

Gebuza. Tjikan, ndji hlayô !
Chorus of Shirindja : U hlaya tshini ?
G. Tjikan, ndi hlayô.
Chorus : He baka Bidjiankomo...

Psigaba psi ne nsiku, i ka leyi ;
A ku djima, a ku psi koti.
Gebuza ! Ankanyen lo'kulu lo'wa nunge ; psigaba psi ni nsiku i ka leyi.

Let me tell you...
What silly tales do you want to tell us ?
Let me tell you...
We folks of Bidjiankomo (1) (this is what we say) :
There is a day for singing, it is to-day ;
As for work, you are incapable of it.
Gebuza (you who are lazy), under your big nkanye of bitter fruit there is a day for singing ; this is the day !

The moral of this is sufficiently obvious : "To-day we sing, we dance : but this is not everything. To-morrow we must start with the tillage for the new year."

Doubtless in each small Ronga clan similar songs and dances are performed. They seem to us exceedingly childish, but also very innocent, and show us the taste possessed by these people for musical and literary productions (2).

VI. *Action songs, or songs sung while at work.* 533

I remember once ordering one of my boys to roll along an empty cask, in which we were collecting the rain water. There was a little water in it, and this made a gurgling sound inside.

(1) The forefathers of Mpatshiki, who was the chief then reigning.

(2) I should like to include in this category one of the songs of which Mungamane, the blind minstrel (p. 187) was particularly proud, and which he performed when the dancers paid him an extra fee of 200 reis. It is a dialogue between a husband who is not satisfied with the wife he has bought and the men of his village :

The husband. I have gone to lobola a woman ; I have paid twenty-eight pounds ; I expected she was worth something, and lo ! she is a woman of no account. How did you dare, you, her father, to claim such a big sum, saying that she would be a help to me, when she is so utterly bad ? I will take her ; I will give her back to her parents and claim my money in order to buy another.

The men of the village. No ! Have patience with her ! Do not send her home. Do you not see that you will bring misfortune upon yourself ? Did she not bear you children ? Who will cook your food ? Who will clean your clothing ? When strangers pass through your village, who will give them food ? To go and claim one's herd is troublesome ! Send your children to fetch water ! Send them to gather fuel !

533 Rolling it with vigour, the boy imitated the noise of the gurgling all the while, apparently with great pleasure. Natives are very [461] fond of singing and shouting when at work ; they evidently find help in the conjunction of music and labour.

[539] Many Thonga songs belong to this category. There are songs sung by women when pounding their mealies (I. p. 334), or when carrying their jars of beer or of bukanye to the capital. One of these *psirwalo* songs, extolling Mzila, the hawk that is in heaven, has been quoted I. p. 402. I heard it in February 1893, when an extraordinary inundation had filled all the little ponds in the hollows, and the lake of Rikatla had swollen to ten times its usual size. Beginning with the word : "Chwe! Chwe!" a descriptive adverb which renders the impression caused by a wide surface of water shining in the sun, the women sang :

Chwe ! Nambyana wu tele !
The lake has overflowed !
We seek the hawk who soars in the sky !
Who is the hawk ? It is Mzila !

For the music of the song see tune 17.

On the wharf at Lourenço Marques, one could collect a good number of the carrier songs, sung by the boys who carry loads from the ships to the Custom House. Some are highly impressive, full of guttural sounds such as : Ama-haussa-haussa! There is generally a soloist who intones (sima) and all the boys, covered with dust, clad in sacks, their eyes beaming, seize the heavy piece of iron, the bulky case, raise it rhythmically to their shoulders, and carry it with measured tread to the shed. To have a clever soloist who keeps good time is essential, and I was told that such artists are well paid.

I would remind the reader of the *travellers' songs*, an example of which has been given when speaking of the journeys of the traders in the interior (p. 144).

But the richest collection is that of *sailors' songs*. I heard one of these, (tune 18), on the Nkomati, repeated a hundred times in a monotonous fashion by a boy who was pushing the boat along the shore with his pole, from Morakwen to Lourenço Marques :

"I siloyi, I ndandale," he said — (these words have no more

meaning than tra-la-la) "They are starving at Ntimane, siloyi..." He was journeying from the Ntimane country, near Khosen, and having heard that the crops had failed, went muttering this great news all down the river! Perhaps the song was not of his own composition, but was an old refrain which had been preserved on account of its catching tune. 533

Mrs Audéoud, during her long journeys on the Maputju river, noted down many of the tunes, Nos. 19-22, some in two or even three parts, curiously harmonised. The Native sailors seek in this way to vary the monotony of rowing, punting or towing the boat. No doubt a great many more such tunes could be collected. [461]

VII. *Incantations.*

Children, as we saw, (I. p. 68), are fond of singing curious little melodies to various animals: to the big *galagala* lizard, to the *chameleon*, to the *crab* with one claw, to the *owl*. The tune of the words addressed to the owl is No. 36.$\frac{2}{A}$ The boys of Rikatla used to salute our ox-waggon, when it appeared on the plain, with song No. 35 :$\frac{1}{A}$ "Gweymanâo! — here are the oxen", they said running all round the span, the girls following them and lifting up the babies in their arms, to show them the strange machine and the long-horned oxen walking slowly, with impassive looks, through the little black throng.

Incantations of a more serious type are the *songs of exorcism*, performed to the accompaniment of rattles, big tins and drums, close to the ears of the person supposed to be possessed, in order to induce the spirit to reveal its name and to "come out". No. 37$\frac{1}{A}$ is one of the most celebrated songs of this category, and has really a great deal of character. I shall speak of it again when dealing with possession. 533 789

VIII. *Songs accompanying tales and games.*

As we shall see, little songs are very frequently introduced into the tales to embellish them, and are generally repeated three or four times over, as if the narrator wished to exhaust 533 538

$\frac{II}{A}$ [$\frac{11}{A}$ Errata: read 31 for 36; read 30 for 35; read 32 for 37. -- Analyst]

538 all their charm. Some are very primitive, like No. 33, the
538 murmuring of a little boy who has been swallowed together with his oxen by an ogre called Nyandzumulandengela ; imprisoned in the stomach of the monster, he entreats him to let him out! Another, more elaborate, is the lament of the mother whose child has been stolen by the Baboon, and who follows the animal weeping and asking it to give the little one back to her. (Tune No. 35.) Tune No. 36 belongs to another ogre tale, concerning the suitors of pretty girls who are really only hyenas transformed into men. Some one knows their true nature, and forces them to appear as they really are, by chanting their song :

Manyange, the leg belongs to me !

the song in which they dispute with each other about the leg of the girl they are wooing! The most complicated of these songs is that in the tale of Zili (No. 34) ; it is a duet, and was sung to me by two Mpfumo girls so distinctly that I could easily take it down. It is very interesting as an illustration of the laws of harmony amongst the Thongas.

C. FOLK-TALES.

538 Folk-tales are by far the most interesting and valuable part of the Thonga Folklore, and before citing any new examples of those curious and charming stories, I shall try to show their importance in the Life of the Tribe, their literary, ethnographic and philosophic value.

I. *The place occupied by Folk-tales in the Life of the Tribe.*

538 In Vol. I. p. 350, we have seen the inhabitants of the village,
517 after their evening meal, gathered round the fireplace, devoting themselves to innocent amusements ; first, guessing the piece of charcoal, pulling their fingers, asking each other riddles, — those

2: Junod M-5 (1895-1909) 1927 Thonga
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CHAPTER III

Music.

533 Music in a more or less rudimentary form, plays a great part in the Life of the Bantu tribe. Some tribes are more gifted than others in this respect. In the Province of Mozambique the Ba-Chopi are certainly the best musicians, as we shall see. But Thongas are also great singers and players, and their dances are invariably accompanied by music. What is its character? The melodies and rhythms are very difficult to catch, and I do not pretend to give here a full and definite description of Thonga music; but the following specimens will convey a fair idea of it, and a study of their musical instruments will help us, in some measure, to understand their musical system.

A. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1) Wind Instruments.

534 The simplest is the *shiwaya*, an empty sala shell, or the shell of a Kafir orange (p. 19): it has two holes, one through which children sing, another which they alternately shut and open, the withdrawal of the hand allowing the sound to be emitted; the result is a monotonous wu-wu-wu, which is sufficient to amuse little boys.

Next in importance comes the *nanga*, (yi-tin) the goatherd's flute, made of the tibia of a goat, or of some other animal, on which the boys play two notes, generally in thirds. This is truly the infancy of art, but the tone of these little flutes is very sweet and wonderfully in keeping with the bush life, the bleating

of the goats and the nudity of the artist! There are many kinds of goatherds' flutes. One is called *ndjwebe* ; its sound resembles mbvrrr.... mbvrrr.... Natives are in the habit of putting a feather inside their bone flutes in order to keep them clean. 534

Another more elaborate flute is made of a reed, having a hole at one extremity for the mouth, and three others at the other extremity for the fingers. According to the number of holes stopped, the sound varies. It is called *shitiringo* (Dj.), or *shitloti* (Ro.), and Native artists are capable of producing pleasing tunes upon it. No. 39 in my collection of tunes is a shitiringo melody, heard on the banks of the Great Tabi.

But the true tinanga are the trumpets which compose the *bunanga*, the band already referred to (I. p. 431) as being one of the manifestations of Court Life. They are also called *timhalamhala*, from the name of the mhalamhala (Hippotragus niger), the large, dark antelope whose horns are employed for the manufacture of these trumpets, together with the horns of the mhala (impala) antelope. These instruments are tuned according to rule. Ten of them, each having a different sound, form a *simo*, a kind of orchestra, completed by the big and the small drum already described. They are used to accompany the special dances which take place in the little capital of the Ronga clans, and in which the players are themselves the dancers, marching behind each other, with peculiar contortions, narrowing and widening their circle according to the time beaten by the drum. 535

The bunanga players receive a regular training before going to the capital, to play before the chief. When they have prepared the numbers of their programme, they all go to the capital, each sub-chief leading his band, for a musical contest. The tinduna act as judges. Each *simo* plays in turn. The judges discuss their respective merits, and when they have come to a decision, they call a young man to proclaim the result of the competition. This proclamation is called *ku tjema shibangu*, to cut the contest, and is performed in a very curious way. The herald has an axe in his hand. With a loud voice, he pronounces the verdict : "So and so played badly ; so and so better ; the one who played best is so and so." — "Nkino hi nkhensa wa ka man." Then he 533

533 beats the trunk of a tree with his axe, as if he wished to confirm the decision, and runs away. This is to avoid protests and insults from those who did not win!

No. 40 is a tune played by the bunanga. It is very monotonous and the music is evidently not so important as the dance, the rhythm, and the contortions. There are only four notes in this tune. However it is probable that the ten instruments of the simo form a whole octave, with two notes below it, the same as the ten keys of the timbila which will presently be described. Unfortunately I have not been able to ascertain if this is actually so, having only once witnessed the performance of the bunanga. I am afraid the bunanga orchestra of antelope horns has now entirely disappeared from Ronga territory.

2) Stringed Instruments.

534 As regards stringed instruments, they possess the *unicord harp* called *gubu*. There are two different forms of it ; the *shitjendje*, which consists of a bent rod, a bow, both extremities of which are united by a string made of milala palm fibres (nkuha), or a piece of wire. On the lower part of the bow a calabash is fixed as sounding box. The shitjendje is held upright ; one hand grasps it at its lower extremity, whilst the other beats on the lower third of the string with a little stick. The hand which grasps the instrument places its finger on this lower third of the string in different places, so as to vary the length and produce different sounds.

A gubu player.

534 this method? The second hypothesis is highly probable. Of
533 course there may be slight differences between the instruments, which is not astonishing, as they are made with primitive implements by unskilled workmen ; but the proof that they are all made according to a fixed rule is that many timbila are often played together by musicians who form an orchestra. This is rarely the case amongst Thongas but frequently amongst the

A timbila player.

Ba-Chopi, who are the true "masters" of this instrument. It is said that, in this very musical tribe, Native pianists sit in a line along the street of the village (for their villages are built in a straight line) and play together, all the throng of men dancing in front of them. I witnessed a similar performance when the Crown Prince of Portugal visited Lourenço Marques in 1907. Great feasts were given in his honour ; 25,000 armed warriors defiled before him, and thirty timbila played the National Portuguese Anthem. The Administrators who taught these Native artists to play that difficult tune on their xylophones deserve every congratulation! It was wonderful. The melody

534 was quite recognisable and played in perfect tune. If the timbila
533 had not been tuned to the same pitch, this concert would have become a dreadful cacophony! In the Johannesburg Compounds the East Coast boys manufacture timbila themselves, of smaller and larger sizes, some with enormous keys made of common pitch-pine boards, and emitting deep low tones, the sounding boxes being empty oil cans. They succeed in tuning them more or less perfectly. So every citizen of Johannesburg can hear their concerts, and witness their dances, in the Compounds of the Ferreira Mine and elsewhere on Sundays, and, though these ugly pitch pine timbila seem a parody on the beautiful instruments played at home, still the performance is worth a visit! (1)

● 533 The existence of the timbila is a proof that these tribes possess a real musical system. The Ba-Chopi are the "masters," and

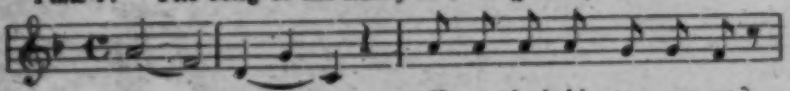
(1) I have lately received some additional information on the timbila from my son, the Rev. H. Ph. Junod, who is living in Manjakaze, not far from the Chopi border. The keys are cut from a very hard tree, the mwendja, which is first put into a big fire in order to make all the sap run out. Large stems of that tree were used by the Ba-Chopi to built their strongholds when they fought against Gungunyana forty years ago. They have been exposed long enough to the rays of the sun to have dried perfectly, and the instrument makers employ them to furnish their keys. The artist begins with the lowest. His father was himself a timbila player and he tunes his keys in accordance with those of the paternal instrument, slightly diminishing the thickness of the little board till it gives exactly the same sound. This explains how all the instruments are tuned to the same pitch. It is not an easy job to find oala shells of all the required sizes. The vibrating membrane is made of the diaphragm of a small rodent called khweva. All the xylophones seen by my informant in Chopiland start from D (or E flat?). Some have 10, some 12, some 14 keys. Some have only four, but they are enormous and emit deep sounds like drums; they are employed to accompany the others. It is rare nowadays to hear orchestras of timbila, as most of the men are constantly away from their villages, working for the Whites; but individual players are still frequently met with, some of them possessing great dexterity.

The xylophone is widely distributed all over the African Continent, Thongaland being the most southern point where this instrument is found. I saw a magnificent example in Vendaland, in the village of a counsellor named Chikhobokhobo. It had no less than 23 keys forming three complete octaves with two supplementary notes at the top. The owner of this piano was very proud of it and kept it in a special hut. I believe it to be the same which was greatly admired at Wembley where it was exhibited in 1925 by Mr C. T. Harries, the Native Commissioner. In Barotseland the xylophone is called *sirimba*, *marimba* amongst many other tribes of Central Africa, *budimba* or *timbila* amongst the Ba-Ila, and *beta* in the French Soudan. Mr Ch. Joyeux, who published an interesting paper on "Quelques manifestations musicales observées en Haute Guinée française" (*Revue d'Ethnographie et des traditions populaires*, Paris, 1924, p. 193-212) has analysed the xylophone of that country and found exactly the same succession of sounds as in the Thonga timbila. The prototype of this instrument is said to be found in the Dutch East Indies and in the Malay Peninsula.

this is generally admitted; the Thongas, however, are not far behind them, some of them having learnt to manufacture the instrument, and a great many playing upon it quite artistically. In order to define this musical system more precisely, let me now give the 41 following tunes as examples, some of which I owe to Mrs Audéoud, whilst the majority have been noted down by myself. 533

B. A COLLECTION OF THONGA TUNES. 533 539

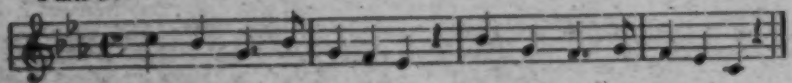
Tune 1. The song of the Manyisa bard (p. 185).



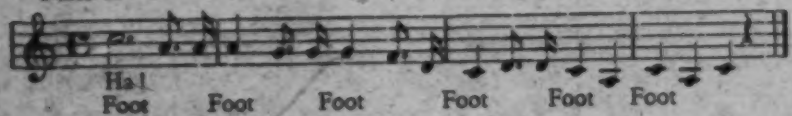
Tunes 2. 3. 4. 5. 6., heard far away through the bush in the village of Muzila, sub-chief of Rikatla, in the years 1890-1893. In N° 4 the singers were beating the ground with their feet to mark the time. In 5 and 6 boys answered to men and girls to women in the usual antiphonic fashion.

Tune 2.

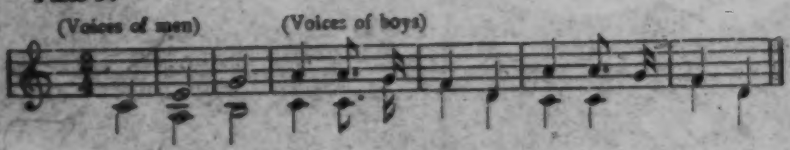
Tune 3.



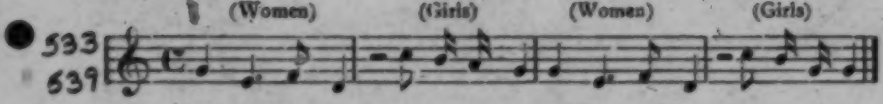
Tune 4.



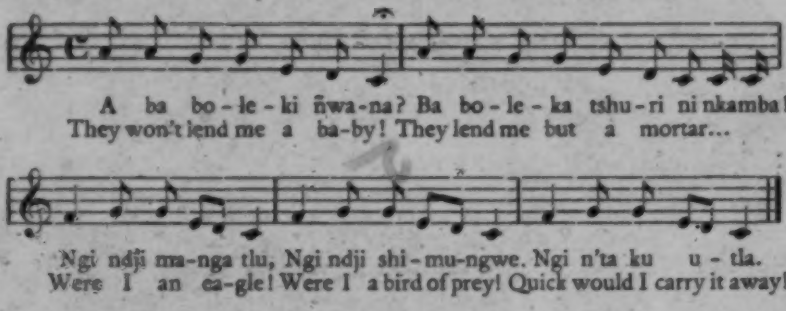
Tune 5.



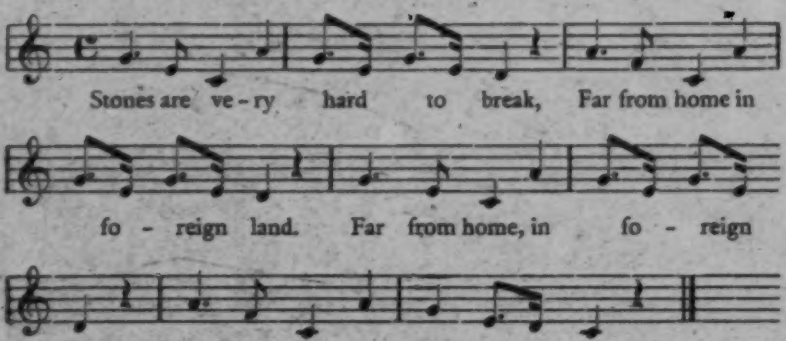
Tune 6.



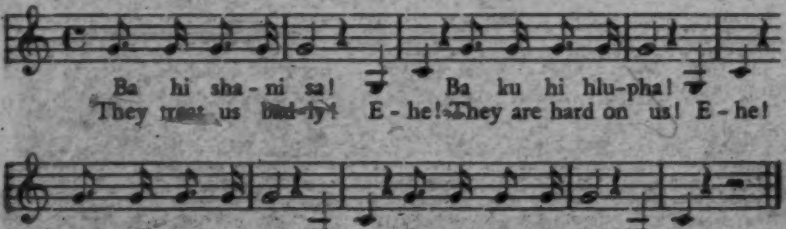
Tune 7. The Complaint of the childless woman (p. 188).


A ba bo-le-ki ñwa-na? Ba bo-le-ka tshu-ri ni nkamba!
They won't lend me a ba-by! They lend me but a mortar...
Ngi ndji ma-nga tlu, Ngi ndji shi-mu-ngwe. Ngi n'ta ku u-tla.
Were I an ea-gle! Were I a bird of prey! Quick would I carry it away!

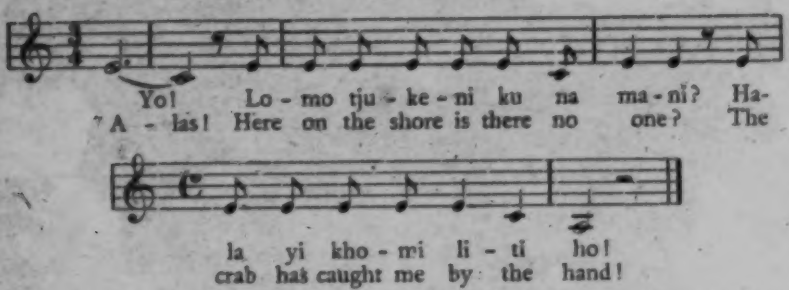
Tune 8. Complaint of the boys going to Johannesburg (p. 189).



Tune 9. Complaint of the Nkuna boy (p. 189).


Ba hi sha-ni sa! Ba ku hi hlu-pha!
They treat us bad-ly! E-he! They are hard on us! E-he!
Ba nwa ma-kho-fi! Ba nga hi nyi-ki!
They drink their cof-fee! E-he! And they give us none! E-he!

Tune 10. The song of the Crab (p. 190).



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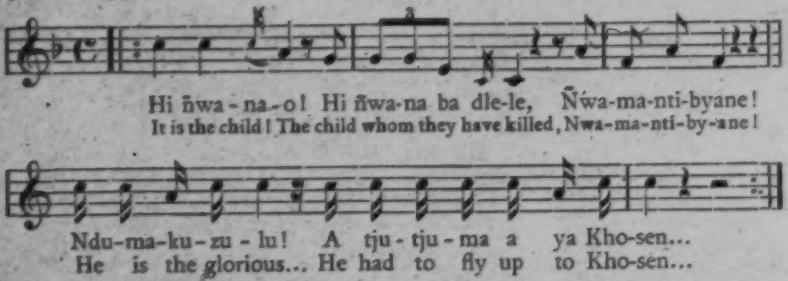
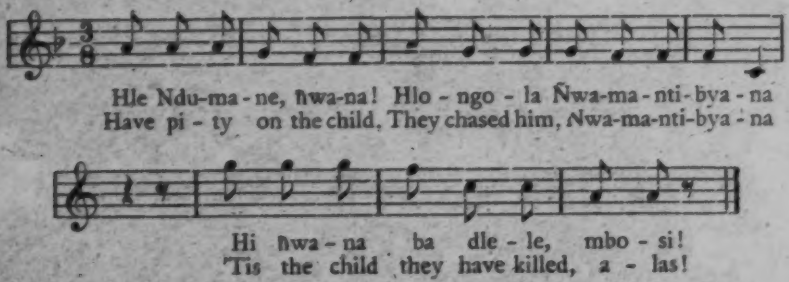
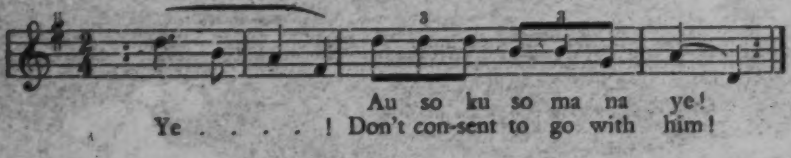
Tune 11. The lament over the deported chief Ñwamantibyane (See I. App. XI.).


Hi ñwa - na - o! Hi ñwa-na ba dle-le, Ñwa-ma-nti-byane!
It is the child! The child whom they have killed, Nwa-ma-nti-by-ane!
Ndu-ma-ku-zu - lu! A tju - tju - ma a ya Kho-sen...
He is the glorious... He had to fly up to Kho-sen...

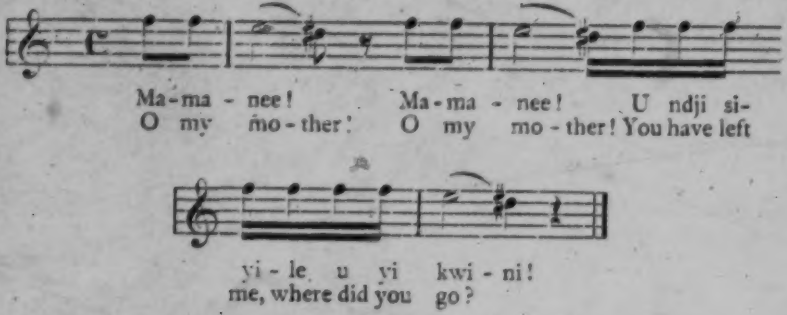
Tune 12. The same lament as sung thirteen years later, with accompaniment of the shitjendje:


Hle Ndu-ma - ne, ñwa-na! Hlo - ngo - la Ñwa-ma - nti - bya - na
Have pi - ty on the child. They chased him, Nwa-ma-nti-bya - na
Hi ñwa - na ba dle - le, mbo - si!
'Tis the child they have killed, a - las!

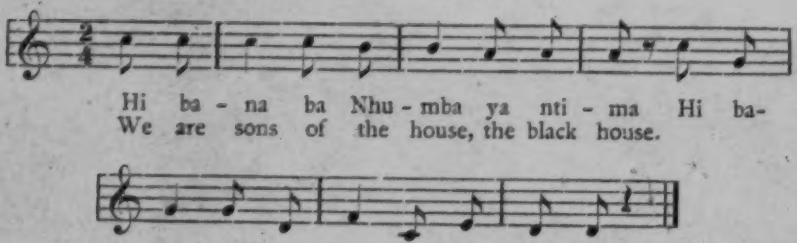
Tune 13. The song of the bridesmaids: (p. 200) "Do not go with him". (Mrs. Audéoud, Makulane). (Comp. p. 197).



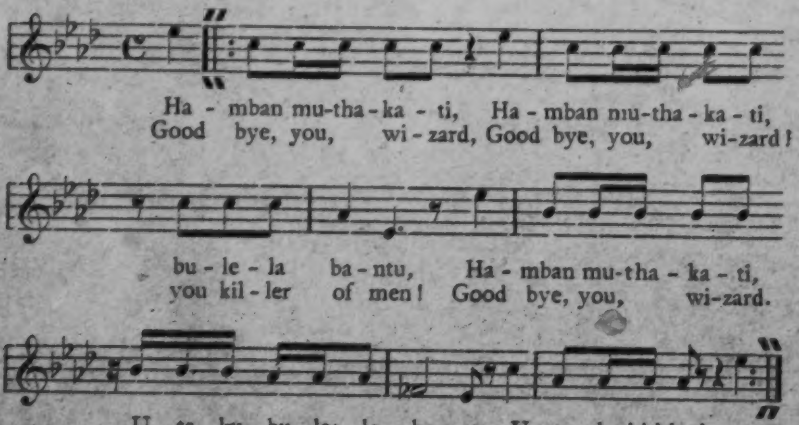
533 539 *Tune 14.* Mourning song heard after the death of Hamunde's wife who was drowned in the lake of Rikatla (1893) (p. 191).



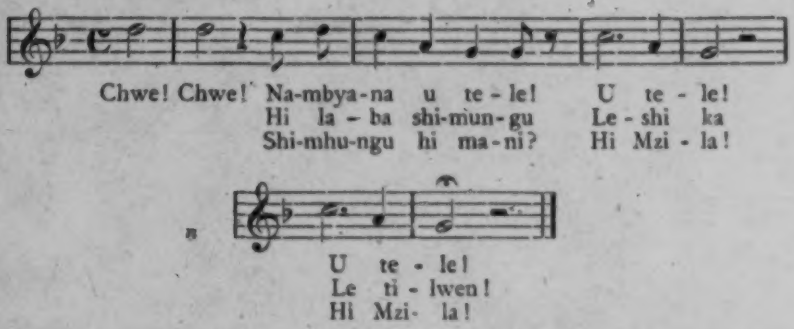
Tune 15. Old Nkuna mourning song (p. 192).



Tune 16. Mourning song at the death of Chief Tshutsha (Maputju. Mrs Audéoud) (p. 192).


Ha - mban mu-tha-ka - ti, Ha - mban mu-tha - ka - ti,
Good bye, you, wi - zard, Good bye, you, wi-zard!
bu - le - la ba - ntu, Ha - mban mu-tha - ka - ti,
you kil - ler of men! Good bye, you, wi-zard.
U ta ku bu - le - la ba - ntu U te - ka b'si-kwin.
Why do you come and kill our folk, You come in the night.

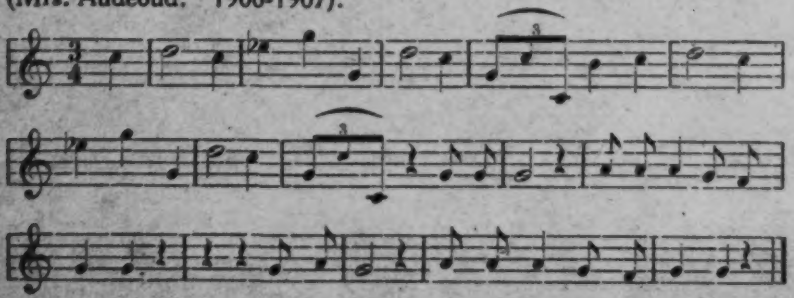
Tune 17. Song of the women carrying "makanye" to Muzila (I. p. 402. II. p. 208). 533 539



Tune 18. Sailors' song on the Nkomati River (1904) (p. 208).

A hi si-lo-yi, A hi nda-nda-le. Ku ni ndla-
A hi si-lo-yi, A hi nda-nda-le. They are starv-
la ka Nti-ma-na, si-lo-yi. A hi si-lo-yi, A hi nda-
ing at Nti-ma-na, si-lo-yi. A hi si-lo-yi, A hi nda-
-nda-le. Ku ni ndla-la ka Nti-ma-na, si-lo-yi.
nda-le. They are starv-ing at Nti-ma-na, si-lo-yi.

Tunes 19, 20, 21, 22. Sailors' songs on the Maputju River. (Mrs. Audéoud. 1906-1907).



Tune 20.

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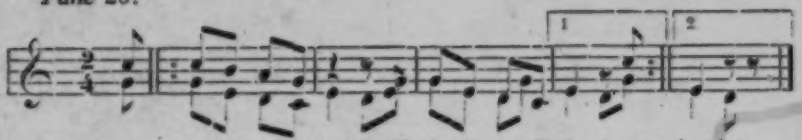
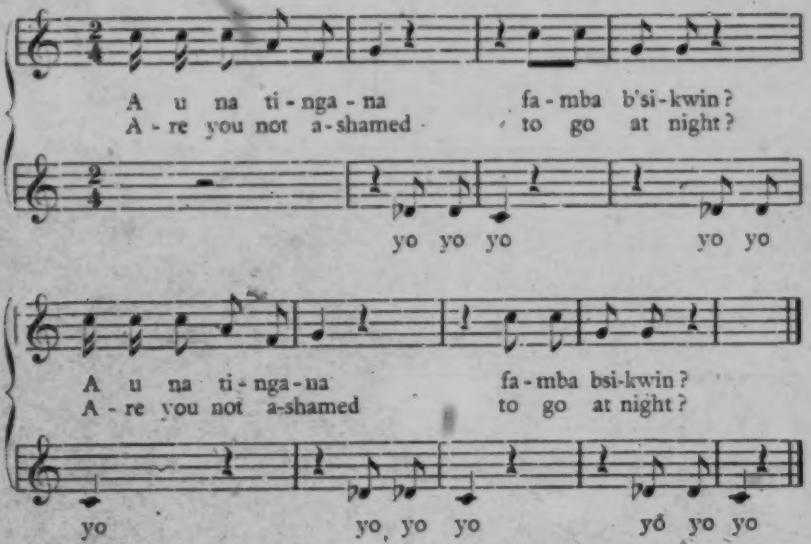
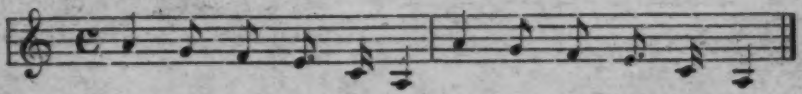


Tune 21.

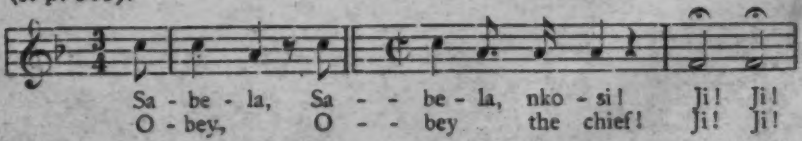

A u na ti-nga-na fa-mba b'si-kwin?
A-re you not a-shamed to go at night?
yo yo yo yo yo
A u na ti-nga-na fa-mba bsi-kwin?
A-re you not a-shamed to go at night?
yo yo, yo yo yǒ yo yo

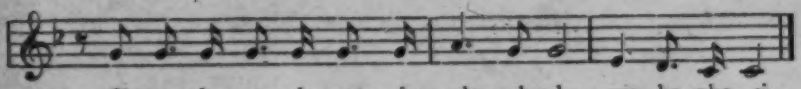
Tune 22.

Tune 23. Carriers song.



Tune 24. War song sung at the coronation of the Mpfumo chiefs (I. p. 373).





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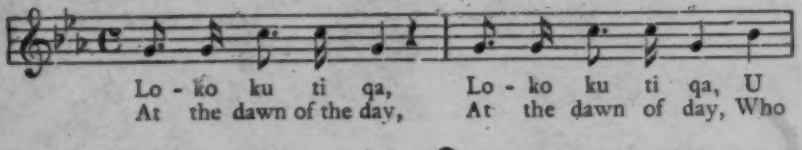
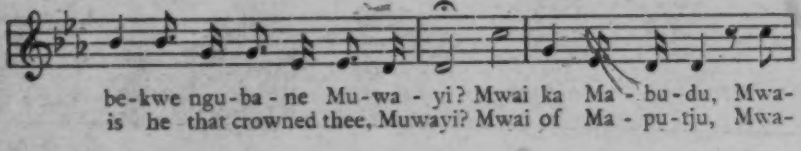
Si ya ku we - la mu - la - mbu mku-lu wa ka nko - si.
Let us go, let us cross the great ri - ver, that of the chief.

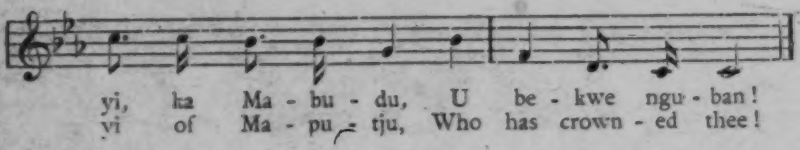
Tune 25. The great war song of Maputju (p. 194).



Lo - ko ku ti qa, Lo - ko ku ti qa, U
At the dawn of the day, At the dawn of day, Who

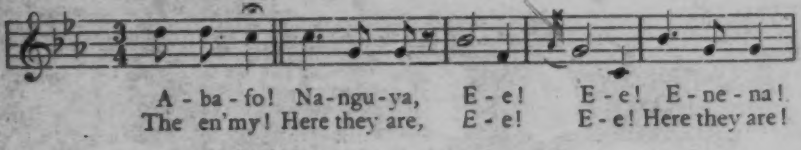


be-kwe ngu-ba - ne Mu-wa - yi? Mwai ka Ma - bu-du, Mwa-
is he that crowned thee, Muwayi? Mwai of Ma - pu-tju, Mwa-



yi, ka Ma - bu - du, U be - kwe ngu - ban!
yi of Ma - pu - tju, Who has crown - ed thee!

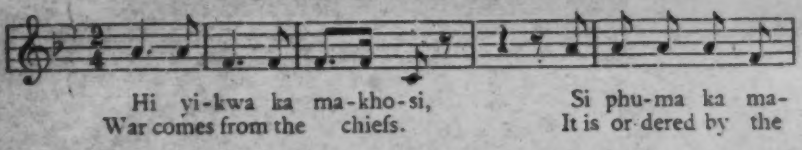
Tune 26. Marching song of the army (I. p. 469).



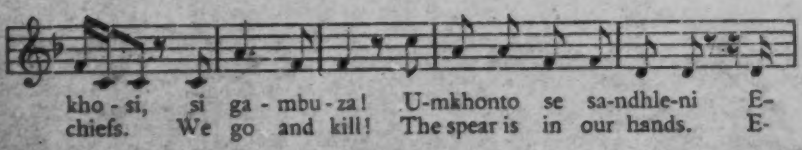
A - ba - fo! Na-ngu-ya, E - e! E - e! E - ne - na!
The en'my! Here they are, E - e! E - e! Here they are!

Ha - a! Ha - a!
Ha - a! Ha - a!

Tune 27. The song of the spear (Nkuna) (I. p. 461).



Hi yi-kwa ka ma-kho-si, Si phu-ma ka ma-
War comes from the chiefs. It is or-dered by the



kho - si, si ga - mbu - za! U-mkhonto se sa-ndhle-ni E-
chiefs. We go and kill! The spear is in our hands. E-

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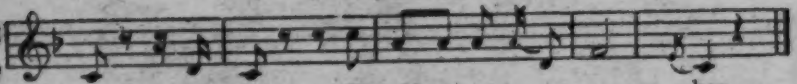
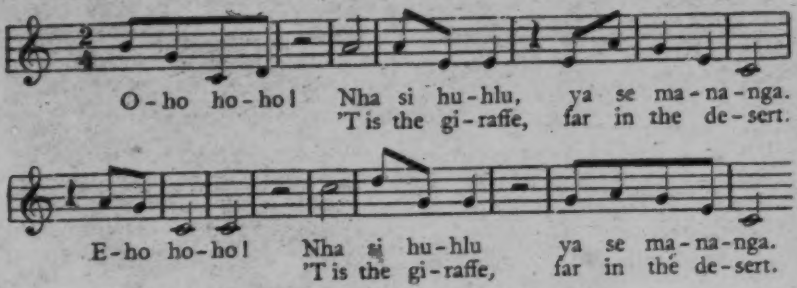


ji! E - ji! U-mkho-nto u sao go - bee...
ji! E - ji! The spear kills and bends in the wound.

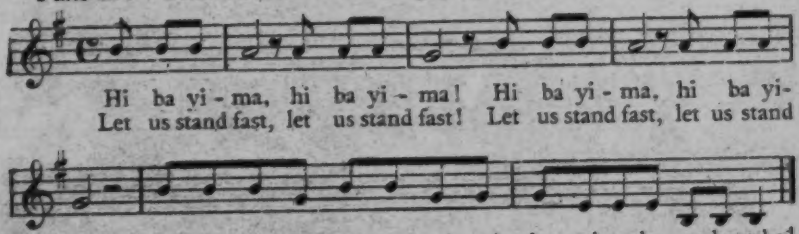
Tune 28. The Giraffe of the desert (Nkuna, Nondwane). I. p. 461.



O - ho ho - ho! Nha si hu-hlu, ya se ma - na - nga.
'T is the gi - raffe, far in the de - sert.

E-ho ho-ho! Nha si hu-hlu ya se ma-na-nga.
'T is the gi-raffe, far in the de-sert.

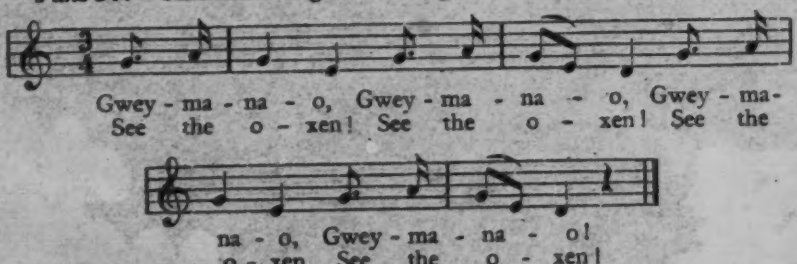
Tune 29. Oldest Nkuna war song (I. p. 461).



Hi ba yi - ma, hi ba yi - ma! Hi ba yi - ma, hi ba yi-
Let us stand fast, let us stand fast! Let us stand fast, let us stand

ma! Mi te - ka bu - re - na mi nyi - ka ti-nu-ba ta ba-mbe!
fast! Do not let your strength go, it would help the en'my to con-quer!

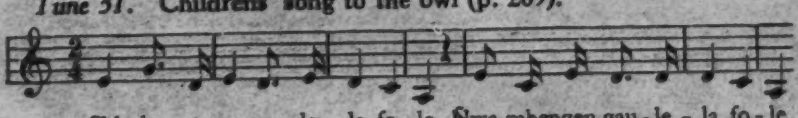
Tune 30. Childrens' song welcoming the trek oxen (p. 209).



Gwey - ma - na - o, Gwey - ma - na - o, Gwey - ma-
See the o - xen! See the o - xen! See the

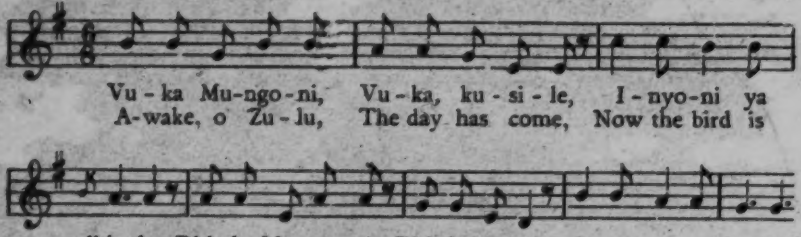
na - o, Gwey - ma - na - o!
o - xen, See the o - xen!

Tune 31. Childrens' song to the owl (p. 209).



Shi - ko - ta-na gau - le - la fo - le, Nwa-mbengen gau - le - la fo - le.

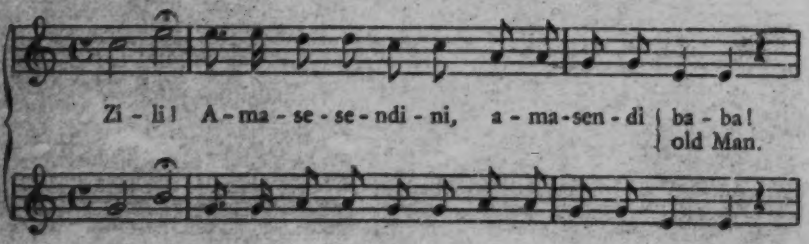
Tune 32. Incantation to the spirit during exorcism (p. 209) (Part VI). 533 539


Vu-ka Mu-ngo-ni, Vu-ka, ku-si-le, I-nyo-ni ya
A-wake, o Zu-lu, The day has come, Now the bird is
dhla-la. Dhla-la Mu-ngo-ni, Dhla-la va-len, I nyo-ni ya dhla-la.
sing-ing. Play al-so, Zu-lu, Play in the bush, Now the bird is singing.

Tune 33. Song of the tale of the ogre Nyandzumulandengela (Timbila song). (p. 210).

Nya-ndzu-mu-la-nde-nge-la, Ndzu-mu-la-nde-nge-la!
Ndji hwe ti-ho-mu ta nga ndji mu-ka! Nya ndzu-mu-la-nde-nge-
Give me my o-xen, please, that I may go!
la, Ndzu-mu-la-nde-nge-la! U-te-ki-le mi mhu-
You have ta-ken me and
nu u mi-ta!
you swal-lowed me!

Tune 34. Song in two parts, in the tale of Zili (p. 259).



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Si - lo - yi - le se - se - ndi - ni, I nya - ma mu - ne, ya ku
You bad wi-zard — What's that kind of meat, ve - ry
nha - ti se - se-ndin, I ka - la nki - la ka li - ho-ndjo,
strange meat — It has got no tail, it has no horn.
se - se - ndin. Zi - li! A - ma - se - se - ndi - ni, A - ma-
se - ndi ba - ba! Si - lo - yi - le se - se - ndin!
old man, You bad wi - zard

Tune 35. Song of the mother whose child has been carried off by the Baboon (p. 263).

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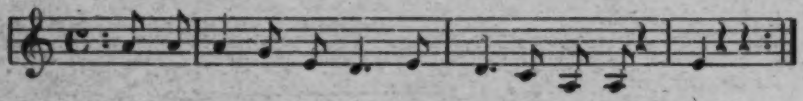
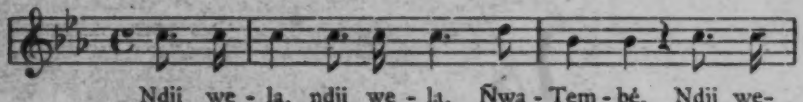
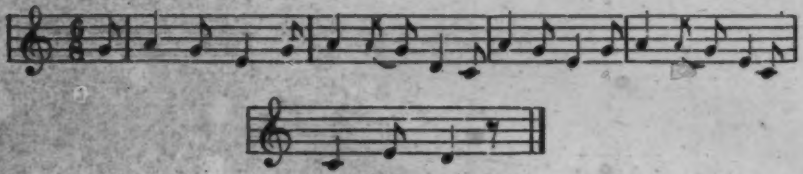
Tune 36. Incantation by which hyena-men are transformed into hyenas, in an ogre-tale (p. 210).



Tune 37. One of the Ronge songs (p. 203).

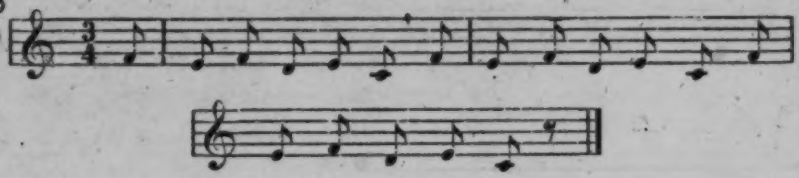


Tune 38. A tune played on the shitiringo flute on the banks of the Great Tabi (p. 277).

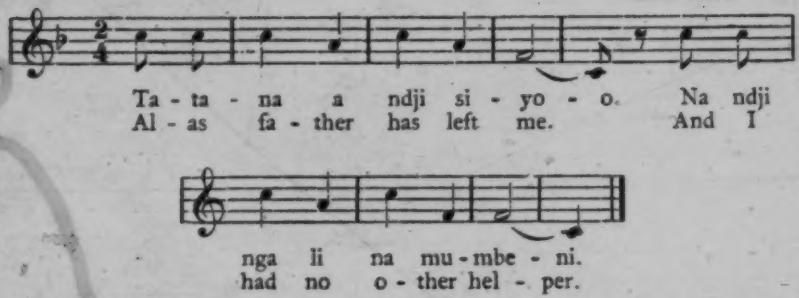


Tune 39. A shitiringo tune from Shiluvane.

533 539 *Tune 40.* A bunanga tune (I. p. 431, II. p. 277).



Tune 41 (p. 189).



C. THE MUSICAL SYSTEM OF THE THONGAS.

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Having now studied the instruments used by our tribe, and a certain number of tunes, we can try to come to some conclusions as regards its musical system. Let it be said, first of all, that such conclusions are only provisional, and I do not pretend that they are final. Noting down Native tunes is a very delicate task, as nothing is more plastic than sound, and however accurate we have tried to be, we may have introduced something of our own into this transcript. Nothing but phonograph records would be scientifically beyond suspicion! However between all these tunes there is enough similarity, enough family likeness, to convince students of primitive music that they are genuine, and that we are entitled to draw some deductions from this material.

As regards *rhythm*, it is generally very well marked, being emphasised by the accompanying instruments, and the movements of dancers: arms lowered in cadence, weapons brandished, feet stamping the ground at regular intervals, etc. However I

did not always find it easy to catch, and there are certainly sudden changes in the time which put the hearer out of his reckoning. I have heard people assert that in primitive music rhythm is by far the most interesting element. Anybody having witnessed a war-dance, or the performance of the East Coast boys in the Johannesburg Compounds, will be able to certify that there is a wonderful sense of time in these productions. The binary combinations, 2/4 and 4/4 time, are met with more frequently than the ternary modes, 3/4 and 6/8. 533

The *melodic system* is evidently based on the scale of seven intervals, just the same as our own music. The presence of the scale underlying all this music is proved by the preceding tunes, but more specially, as we noticed, by the timbila. Most of the tunes could be played on this primitive piano, which is evidently constructed according to the rules of the ordinary scale. I came to the same conclusion when teaching the sol-fa notation to raw Natives, and I remember having a class of boys, just from the bush, in Lourenço Marques, who, at the first lesson, after a quarter of an hour, were singing our scale without difficulty ; what seemed to be unknown was the name of the seven notes do, re, mi, etc., but the sounds themselves, in their regular succession, were quite familiar to their ears. One hears sometimes of a scale which has but three or four notes. Does it exist? Is not this succession of sounds "given" to the human ear, as also the succession of colours in the rainbow to the human eye? As we shall see, Natives do not distinguish all the colours. They use the same word, *libungu*, for yellow, and red ; black and dark blue are also both *ntima*. Their eye has not yet been fully trained. Their ear seems to me to be more developed, and to have attained a distinct perception of the elementary sounds.

Let it be remarked, however, that there are differences amongst them. Some sing more in tune than others. Often they are a third or a quarter of a tone flat or sharp. I would say that they do not precisely sing out of tune, but they are not yet true on the note. But this will come with due training. I very rarely met with Natives with no idea of tune. This occurrence is, I think, more frequent amongst the Whites than amongst the Blacks. As

533 regards accidentals, I have seen some boys master the chromatic scale without much difficulty. But sharps and flats, viz., sounds which do not bear the ordinary, regular relation to those preceding or following them, are generally very difficult to catch, sometimes altogether beyond their reach. The use of European instruments will raise them to that higher level in the course of time.

But let us confine ourselves to their primitive state. They not only know our *major scale*, but frequently sing in the *minor one*. On the timbila, as we saw, they can play in the eolian method, viz., in a minor scale in which there is no raised seventh. In fact, even in the distinctly minor tunes, this raised seventh is never met with. We often notice the passage from the major to the minor, or vice versa, and our collection affords two striking examples of this musical procedure : in tune No. 33, the melody after 6 bars recommences a third lower : this is a characteristic timbila tune ; the melody, started on the third key, is played again starting on the first, passing from the major to the minor. In No. 25, at the end of the second bar, the reverse phenomenon takes place. The melody was first minor ; it is raised a third higher and becomes major for a while, returning later on to the minor.

The *character* of most of the Bantu melodies is rather sad, and this is generally explained by the assertion that they are in the minor key. I do not think this is true. Most of my tunes, 25, are undoubtedly major, 10 are minor, and 5 are mixed or doubtful. This impression comes rather from the fact that the melody almost invariably begins on a high note and descends to low notes, often ending on the lowest. The song starts brilliantly, triumphantly, and goes down, down, till it dies away on the lowest note. Hence the melancholy impression these tunes convey. The melody is very short, as a rule ; sometimes quite rudimentary ; its constant repetitions also produce a monotonous effect which enhances the sadness of the music. A professional musician, after having perused these tunes, once said to me : "Well, they are not 'jolly good fellows' your black people! Not a single dancing tune! Nothing merry about this music!"

The rules of *Native harmony* are very difficult to detect. They certainly exist. When you hear a chorus beautiful of voices,[1]

[1] [Erratum: Read - of beautiful voices]

Z: Junod M-5 (1895-1909) 1927 Thonga

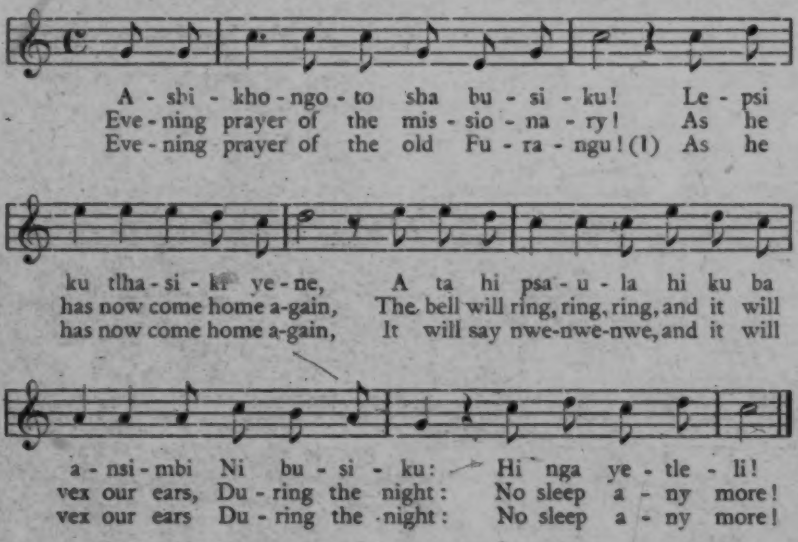
singing in two or three parts, you at once perceive great differences 533
between their system of harmony and ours. These choruses are by no means disagreeable, but are very strange to our European ear. It would be most interesting to seize them and note them down, but it would be a long job! I have succeeded at least in fixing the two parts of the song of Zili, which may be considered typical ; I owe it to two girls of Lourenço Marques, who had clear voices and lent themselves willingly and with great patience to the long investigation. A curious succession of fourths and sixths will be noticed, quite unusual in our music. The professional to whom I submitted this song told me it reminded him of similar chords found in the works of mediaeval composers like Bianchois, and Adam de la Halle. The fourth seems to be more acceptable to the Bantu ear than the third or the fifth. A collection of timbila music would be of great assistance in coming to a conclusion on the subject, as the artists invariably play with two hands, and a score of phonographic records taken in Johannesburg of a good player would be very valuable. Not having had the opportunity of making such an investigation, I must be satisfied to commend it to those who have time to devote themselves to it.

To sum up the result of this inquiry, I may say that Thonga music has certainly reached a certain stage of development, being based upon the seven intervals scale, recognizing the major and minor keys, and following a certain system of harmony ; but the melodies are still short and rudimentary and, although they may attain real grandeur when performed by hundreds of warriors, they are generally monotonous and sad. Notwithstanding this, the black race is essentially musical ; its gifts in this domain are real, and if properly developed they will certainly in time produce remarkable results.

We can guess to some extent what contribution the Blacks will 533
make to the musical treasures of humanity when we hear the Negro 539
artists who travel round Europe singing the striking plantation songs which they learned from their fathers. As far as I know, South African Bantus have not yet published many musical compositions comparable to those of their American brethren ; yet educated Natives, even school children, already invent songs for their own pleasure which

533 539 are more elaborate than the old ones, but which retain the true Bantu character. I will quote three which I managed to seize in the neighbourhood of Lourenço Marques.

The first may be called *the song of the children who no longer wished to attend evening prayer.* I heard them singing it unnoticed on the Lourenço Marques hill. It must be said that on every Mission Station all the converts assemble every evening to attend a short service, bringing their children with them. It seems that, on one occasion, the missionary went away for a furlough and evening prayer was stopped for a while; it was however resumed when he came back home... much to the disappointment of the children, and they composed this song, whose words are perhaps not very edifying, though they ought not to be taken too seriously. The tune, at any rate, is charming:


A - sbi - kho - ngo - to sha bu - si - ku! Le - psi
Eve - ning prayer of the mis - sio - na - ry! As he
Eve - ning prayer of the old Fu - ra - ngu! (1) As he
ku tlha - si - ki ye - ne, A ta hi psa - u - la hi ku ba
has now come home a-gain, The bell will ring, ring, ring, and it will
has now come home a-gain, It will say nwe-nwe-nwe, and it will
a - nsi - mbi Ni bu - si - ku: Hi nga ye - tle - li!
vex our ears, Du - ring the night: No sleep a - ny more!
vex our ears Du - ring the night: No sleep a - ny more!

The second was composed *by a blind girl* of the Maputju country at the time of the Murimi Movement of which I shall speak later on (App. V). The prophet of this new god, Murimi, was travelling all over Thongaland to destroy witchcraft and to inaugurate a new

(1) "Old Furangu" is the church elder Frank whose name was transformed according to Thonga phonetics. In the following verses there are a number of descriptive adverbs imitating the ringing of the bell. It will say: go-go-go—rwa-rwa-rwa—nge-nge-nge...

era of prosperity and the chiefs called all their subjects, men and women, to take a snuff of a certain magical tobacco which would rid the country of all the killers by night. The young poetess imagines a woman, a witch, preparing to go to the meeting ordered by the chiefs in order to take the snuff. But she does not at all intend to renounce her criminal ways. She has in her power "psipoko" (see Part. VI, Witchcraft, and App. V), i. e. little folk no bigger than real babies, who are really dead people whom she has bewitched and whom she employs as slaves to till her gardens. During the day she hides them in the bush and during the night she makes them work. Now she takes leave of them before attending the meeting where she is determined to lie, pretending that she has nothing to do with witchcraft, whilst she is secretely determined to go on practising it. The song of the Christian girl reveals her duplicity and concludes by asserting that converts do not believe in this mass of absurdities.

Ka hla - yi ma-ma a ku tjha-ma nho ben, Lo-ko
Their mo - ther told them: Keep quiet in the fo - rest, When I
But we, Chris - tians, we ob - ject, we don't ac - cept. What hea-
ndji da-hl - le fo - le, Ndji ta bu - ya ndji ta ku
have gone to take the snuff, I shall come back and I shall
thens want us to be-lieve, And we an - swer by clo - sing
te - ka, Ndji ya ku pha-me - la psa-ku - da. Lo - ko psi ku
take you, And I shall give you some-thing to eat. They cry, they say:
our ears When we hear from them all this non-sense.
u - we, u - we, u - we, Lo - ko psi ku u - we, Psi
U - we, u - we, u - we! They cry, they say: U - we, As
dji - le - la ku mam' Lo - ku psi ku: U - we! Bu - ya
they call for their mother. They cry, they say: U - we! Come back

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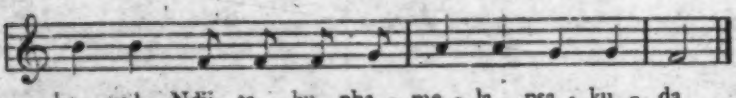
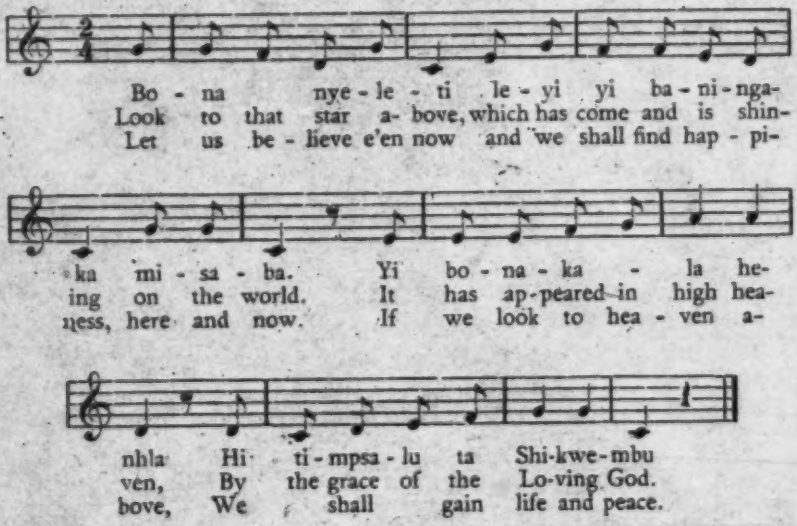


The third song is a sort of hymn whose author is a young evangelist belonging to the Chopi tribe, a tribe particularly gifted for music. This boy, named Onesime, was lame and lay for many years on his bed of suffering; there he composed quite a number of melodies which he taught his pupils. Here is the *Song of the Star*, which he himself wrote for me in Sol-Fa Notation, and in which he expresses the feelings of his pious heart :


Bo - na nye - le - ti le - yi yi ba - ni - nga-
Look to that star a- bove, which has come and is shin-
Let us be - lieve e'en now and we shall find hap - pi-
ka mi - sa - ba. Yi bo - na - ka - la he-
ing on the world. It has ap-peared in high hea-
ness, here and now. If we look to hea - ven a-
nhla Hi ti - mpsa - lu ta Shi-kwe-mbu
ven, By the grace of the Lo-ving God.
bove, We shall gain life and peace.

See at the end of this volume the Practical Conclusion of Part. V : *The Problem of Native Education.*

132 than any other. The life of every individual, and consequently
731 of the whole clan, is threatened. Famine will certainly follow,
789 as cereals can only be sown during these two months and famine means not only suffering and anguish, but often death, in a primit.ve tribe which is totally ignorant of trade with out-lying countries, and does not possess any means of conveyance for food bought in other lands. No wonder therefore that the imagination of the South African Native has invented ways and means of regularising the rainfall, and that rites, and charms, and all the powers of magic have been resorted to with a view to ensuring the precious rain to the tribe at the right time.

789 These methods may be classified in two categories : the rites which aim at removing the causes which are believed to prevent rain and the charms by which the rain is made to fall, irrespective of any preventing cause.

a) *The causes which prevent rainfall and the rites by which they are removed.*

821 The general view is that rain comes *from the gods* : "Psikwembu
789 psi nisa mpfula" — "the spirits of the ancestors cause rain to fall."
782 So, should the spring showers not come in due time, the first idea will be to offer a sacrifice to the ancestor-gods, especially if the bones consulted have revealed that the anger of the gods is the real
● [533] cause. Men will go to the sacred wood where the ancestors have been buried, sing there an ancient mourning song (I suppose No. 15, page 286, is used for the purpose), and some of them will beat the graves with sticks. As regards the sacrifice, it consists of a black victim, or it may even be the offering of a living human being to the gods ; these rites will be described later on.

Or it may be that a certain individual, *a wizard*, endowed with magical power, or rather possessing enchanted drugs, prevents the rain from falling (a siba mpfula) through wickedness, or hatred of his countrymen. This is a rarer occurrence.

000 But the terrible calamity of drought is brought into direct

The Gods of the Bush, Psikwembu psa Nhoba, are also especially dreaded. There is a little song which is sung as a welcome to travellers who reach their home safely : 776 484 533

Shikwembu sha nhoba shi etlele !
Shi etlele, banhwanyana !
Amadikeo-dikeo-dikeo !
The god of the bush has remained asleep !
He has remained asleep, young girls !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

The spirits of the departed who wander about in the bush, not having been properly buried, try to attack innocent travellers. You are fortunate to escape their anger! For this reason they often say to a relative who is starting out on a journey : "Go with your god," viz., the special ancestor-god who can protect you against the dangers of the bush. 769 776 784

I have also heard mention of *Shikwembu sha tihanye*, the god of quarrels. When an offering prescribed by the bones and presented to a certain ancestor-god has not had the desired result, people say : "This god is a god of quarrels. Let us make an offering to the others so that they may scold him." 776 769

3) The Abode of the Ancestor-Gods and their Mode of Life.

Ideas on these two points are very confused, even contradictory. Some say that the departed go to a great village *under the earth*, a village where everything is white (or pure, "ku basa") ; there they till the fields, reap great harvests, and live in abundance, and they take of this abundance to give to their descendants on earth. They have also a great many cattle. The place where they live seems to be a kind of Hades or Paradise (1). But it would seem, when we consider the funeral rites, that the deceased, on the contrary, 775 776 787

(1) The Ba-Ila (see Smith and Dale, *The Ila-speaking people*, II p. 119) believe that the ghosts go *Kwiwe*, to the East, to Chilenga, the Creator. But they have the same contradictory ideas as the Thongas concerning the abode of their deceased ancestors. 171

Amongst the Natives of Barotseland, on the Zambezi, it is said that the dead go to Nyambe, the God of Heaven. They pierce the lobe of their ears and make other incisions in their bodies as a sign that they belong to Nyambe. When they die and reach the end of the earth at the great river Walamba (the Styx of the Zambezian tribes) the ferryman who conveys the dead to the other bank looks at them to see if

gatherings, after a death, the elder brother entreats the gods to bless the family, to prevent bad feeling, or strife, to give wisdom and strength to the new headman, that he may be successful in his rule over the village (1). 782

When some great misfortune is the occasion for this religious act being performed, the petition is preceded, or followed, by a regular *insulting* of the gods. There are two words used to designate this curious part of the prayer : ***holobela***, or ***holobisa***, to scold the gods, or ***rukatela***, the actual word for "to insult." There is an instance of this strangely impertinent manner of addressing the gods in the sacrifice for the sick nephew (p. 396). These insults are generally uttered while the priest is squeezing the psanyi over the shoulders of his subordinates.

The last part of the prayer is *its sudden termination*, when one of the uterine nephews puts a portion of the victim into the officiant's mouth, thus "cutting his oration" (tjema). This is a true part of the ritual. When the victim is a hen, it is the gizzard, which has been half roasted during the long prayer, that is used for this purpose. The priest eats it, and so is the first to partake of the flesh of the offering.

Prayers to the ancestors do not show very much religious feeling, and are, at any rate, absolutely devoid of awe. Whilst 782 769 781 533 776

(1) *Music* plays no part in Thonga religious ritual. During the preparation of the offering those present often sing, but these songs are those which accompany the ordinary dances and bear no religious character. I only once heard of a true sacred chant. Mungomeme, the distinguished dancer and musician who made his living by the exercise of his art in the neighbourhood of Lourenço Marques (p. 187) told me that when he presided over the worship in his village, he used to *sing his prayer*. He gave me the words, but unfortunately not the notes. They are worth quoting :

"Let the meat not stick in your throats ! Eat, you chiefs, you ancestor-gods... They are coming (the oxen) ; they see me, whilst I mourn you, my father and my mother, whilst I remain outside, where I receive life from you, who are below ; I remain, I am a miserable wretch.

"The oxen are slain ! Slay the oxen ! Here they are. I mourn you. Let us eat them together, you father and mother. Give me life and give it also to my children. Let us eat these oxen which I possess, but I possess them for you. Let us not suffer from complaints of the chest here in our home.

"This is the song by which we accompany you, as you return below. Let us remain in good health."

At a given moment the uterine nephew answered by saying :

"I magnify you, my father ! You shall see me, father and mother !"

And all those present, seeing that they would have plenty of meat to eat, joined in a chorus of praise, clapping their hands.

782 sacrificing, the Natives laugh, talk in loud tones, dance, sing
769 obscene songs, even interrupt the prayer with their remarks,
781 and insult each other about family matters. The officiant himself
533 sits on the seat designated by the bones, and speaks in a monoto-
776 nous manner, looking straight in front of him with utter indifference. There is nothing in his demeanour which denotes fear. An exception must perhaps be made in the case of those members of the Makaringe family who clapped their hands during the prayer in the same manner as when saluting "bakonwana" (p. 402). They have as much respect for the ancestor-gods as for their relatives-in-law, and that is, indeed, saying much. I have heard that in the Maputju country people kneel down during the prayer. In Nondwane women alone kneel, whilst the men sit on their heels, the customary attitude in worship (1). If the gods were actually old people, still living, they could not be addressed with more familiarity. This leads us finally to consider in what the divinity of the ancestor-gods consists.

d) The Divine Nature of the Ancestor-Gods.

776 I have brought together in a preceding paragraph (p. 372-386)
769 all that the Natives say about their gods. Now let us return to them, after having studied the religious ritual, and ask : What

(1) The Ma-Lemba, that curious tribe settled amongst the Thongas and Vendas of Spelonken which has certain Semitic customs (I p. 73) are much more respectful towards their ancestor-gods. They have prayer meetings at which the old men of many families assemble together ; one of them, he who knows the ancestors best, leads the others in prayer, "quoting all their mountains" viz. all the sacred hills where the ancestors have been buried, and at the end of each sentence they all answer : "hundjiii..." When the prayer is finished, they each raise an arm and say : "Amen !" This is one of the customs borrowed by them from the Semitic populations with which they came into contact in former times. When they heard Christians pronouncing the same word to conclude their prayers, they were very much astonished. One of them told me ; "This shows that we were Christians formerly and have become back-sliders." One of their formulae when praying is as follows. "You, so and so and so, help us and enable us to reach Mudzimu." Mudzimu is the name by which they designate the Supreme Being in whom they believe and of whom they say : "All that you eat, it is Mudzimu who gives it to you !" If a child refuses to obey, they say to him : "Mudzimu will see you !" For them the ancestor-gods are but intermediaries between themselves and Mudzimu. They often call themselves Basilamusi, Moslems, and claim that there were Moslems belonging to their tribes (A ba ri ba ka hina).

755 787 will have no effect ; no means of egress for the gods will be found! (Compare Letter D. Divination). But a way will soon be found to get over this difficulty, and it will not be long before the sabbath is in full swing.

755 In the hut, right in the middle, the patient is seated. Dejected, with downcast eyes, and fixed expression, he waits... Everyone throughout the country knows that to-day, to-night, on the appearance of the new moón, the strange and terrible exorcism will begin. All those who have once been possessed will officiate. The director of the ceremony, the *gobela*, who has been appointed by the bones, holds his tambourine, made of the skin of the big varan lizard stretched over a circular wooden frame. (See Illustration p. 124, No. 9.) In the calm quiet of the evening air the first blow is struck. It reverberates, and is heard afar off on all sides ; it penetrates the thickets and reaches the neighbouring villages, where it inspires a strange emotion, a transcendent delight born of curiosity, malice, and I know not what feeling of unconscious satisfaction. All rush in the direction of the well-known sound ; each one hurries to the hut of the possessed ; all desire to take part in this struggle, this conflict with the invisible world.

They all assemble, some with tambourines, others with large tin cases picked up on the outskirts of the town (tins in which kerosine oil is sold in Lourenço Marques), still others with calabashes, filled with small objects, which do duty as rattles (ndjele, yin-tin) ; and now, crowding round the patient, they begin their hideous din, striking, brandishing, shaking their various instruments of torture with all their might and main. Some lightly touch the head or ears of the unfortunate sufferer. It is a frightful hubbub, which continues, with but short interruptions, during the whole night, or until the performers in this fantastic concert are compelled to stop from sheer fatigue.

755 533 But this is merely the orchestra, the accompaniment. That which is most essential is the *singing*, the human voice, the *chorus of exorcists*, a short refrain, following on a still shorter solo, repeated a hundred or a thousand times, always with the same object in view, toward which all strive seriously and persistently, namely to compel the spiritual being, the mysterious possessing spirit which

is there present, to reveal itself, and declare its name, after which it will be duly overcome. These songs are at the same time both simple and poetic. They address the spirit in laudatory terms, trying to cajole it by flattery, to get on the right side of it, and thus induce it to grant the signal favour of a final surrender. Here follows the first of these songs which I heard. — One day, when I was travelling, hearing the uproar of a sabbath behind some bushes, I jumped off my waggon, and found myself right in the midst of an exorcism ceremony. 755 533

Shibendjana ! u vukele bantu !
Rhinoceros ! thou attackest men !

These were the words shouted by the singers round a poor woman who appeared to be in some sort of a dream, and was seemingly unconscious ; my arrival had scarcely any effect on the unearthly hubbub, in spite of the fact that the appearance of a White man in the villages of that district was generally regarded as quite an event.

When the hours pass without any visible effect being produced on the patient, the chorus is changed. The night may be far spent, and day-light at hand :

Come out, spirit, you make us weep till sun-rise !
Why are we thus ill-treated ?

Or, perhaps by way of bringing greater pressure to bear, they will threaten to leave the spirit, for good and all, if it will not heed the chidings of the frenzied tambourine players :

Come, let us be off ! bird of the chiefs ! Let us go away (as thou treatest us so harshly).

The melodies of the exorcists' incantations have a singularly persistent, incisive, penetrating character. I had the opportunity of noting down one which was sung with a strange alto accompaniment in fourths. This tune is No. 32 in the collection (p. 291). The disturbing effect of this music was intensified by a very pronounced sforzando when the chorus took up the dominant phrase. This is the song, as universally known and sung in the neighbourhood of Lourenço Marques.

Awake ! Awake ! The daylight breaks ! Now the bird is singing !
Play also, Zulu, play in the bush. Now the bird is singing.

755 The meaning is not difficult to gather. "Day is dawning.
533 Awake then, sleeping spirit! (This spirit is called Mu-Ngoni, Zulu, for the case is supposed to be one of Zulu possession). The birds are already sporting in the thickets. Soon we shall be obliged to go to our work and leave you! It is your last chance ; come out and salute the morning and reveal yourself to us!"

This insistence is renewed. The patient begins to show signs of assent. The shikwembu is preparing to come out. Those present encourage it :

Shawane! Mu-Ngoni. Huma ha hombe hi tindlela ta hu lulama...
We salute thee, spirit! Come out gently by the straight way.

Meaning : Do not hurt the afflicted one! Spare him!

755 Overcome at length by this noisy concert the patient enters into a condition of nervous exaltation. The crisis occurs, evidently as a result of hypnotic suggestion. He rises and dances wildly in the hut. The hubbub is redoubled. They implore the spirit to *declare its name*. A name is shouted, a Zulu name, that of some ancient departed chief, such as Manukosi, or Mozila ; sometimes, strange to say, the name of Gungunyana himself, although he was still living. An old woman, formerly possessed, told me that she cried out the name of Pitlikeza, and it appeared that this Pitlikesa was an itinerant Zulu bard, who wandered about the district of Delagoa when she was a young girl. She was quite convinced that the spirit of that individual had taken up its abode in her, years after Pitlikeza's passage through the country.

In the case of Mboza the patient was covered with a large piece of calico during the whole drum performance. A first medicinal pellet was burnt under the calico, in a broken pot full of embers, a male pellet (made of the fat of an ox or a he-goat) ; no result having been obtained, a second pellet, a female one, made from the fat of a she-goat, was introduced. The exorcist, Nwatshulu prayed to the gods as follows :

Help us, you Ngoni spirits (or gods, psikwembu). I received this medicine from your hands, so "they" must come out at once from my patient. Should he have swallowed a snake, or a toad, should these prevent the spirits from coming out, let these animals run away, far away, and provide an egress for the spirits.

755 questions put to it : "I entered into this *ligodo*, i. e. into this body, this vessel, in such and such a manner. Her husband had gone to work in the gold mines. I entered into him while he was seated on a stone, and when he returned home I left him and entered into his wife." — "Are you alone, spirit?" is the usual question, to which it may reply : "No, I have my son and my grandson with me ;" and, if the witnesses suspect that there really are several spirits in the patient, the tambourine symphony is again resorted to, in order to dislodge the entire company. Sometimes the possessed pronounces as many as ten different names.

Or it may be that the gobela only asks the name of the father and grandfather of the possessing spirit, in order the better to know the latter with all his genealogy. Such was the case with Mboza. "My father is Ndlebende," said the spirit. — "Ho!" answered the gobela, "then you are Mboza, son of Ndlebende." And he identified the spirit in that way.

755 It may be that, at the first sitting, the spirit will claim some
● 533 satisfaction : a "nturu," a piece of calico of such and such a colour. It is also generally at this time that the patient will *sing his song*. Every possessed person invents a song which will be henceforth *his*, and by means of which crises, or trances will be provoked or cured. Nwashinhwana sang :

Alas ! my father ! Medicine-men can do nothing for me !
Who will deliver me ?

Mboza :

I am the one who wanders about, I come out from the body of magicians.

These songs are generally in Zulu, and it is asserted that, even if the patient does not know this language, he will be able to use it in his conversation, by a kind of miracle of tongues!

The first rite is now completed. It has succeeded in forcing the spirit to reveal its name (1).

754 (1) Exorcism by drum beating is the classical method of expelling spirits. Of late
755 years, since 1910, another method has been invented called *ku femba* which, strange to say, is connected with a new word borrowed from European Animism, the word *shipoko*, now current in Thonga terminology. Shipoko comes from the Boer spook, which means ghost. According to the Native idea, wizards have power to enslave ghosts and make them work in their own fields during the night. They can also send them to take possession of their victims and torment them. If a patient is supposed to